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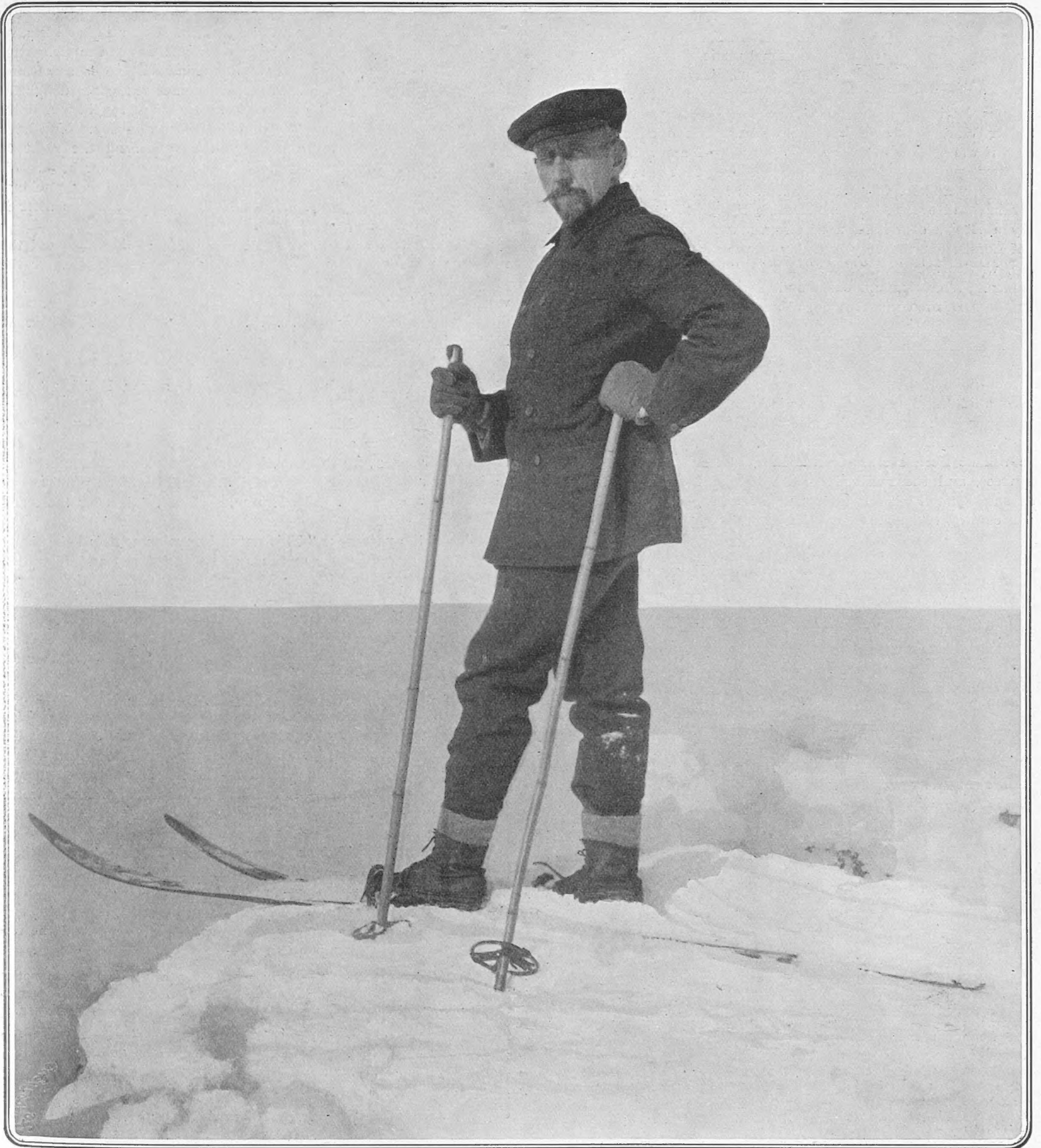
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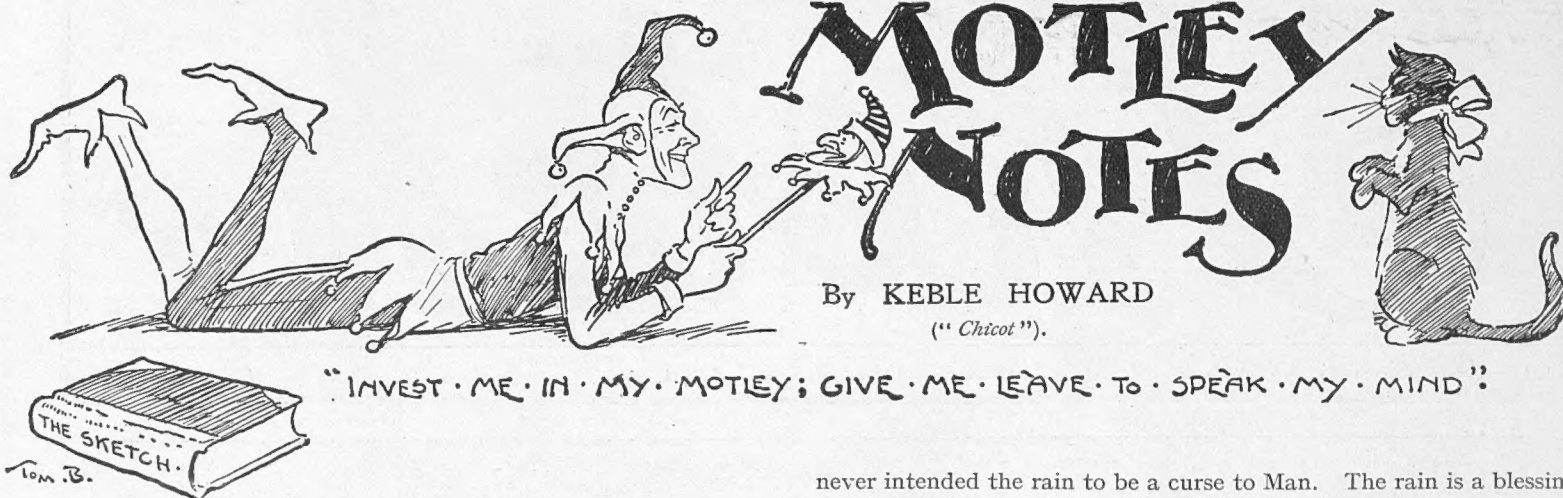
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1912.

SIXPENCE.



DID SKI TAKE HIM TO THE SOUTH POLE, OR DID HE GET THERE ON HIS OWN? CAPTAIN ROALD AMUNDSEN.

Did ski take him to the South Pole? That is the question that suggests itself at the sight of this photograph of Captain Roald Amundsen, the famous Norwegian explorer who succeeded the other day in stopping everyone from talking about the Coal Strike. It will be recalled that, in estimating the advantages respectively possessed by Captain Amundsen and Captain Scott in their race to the South Pole, Dr. Nansen, writing in "Scribner's Magazine," mentioned among those of the former the fact that he has been well trained from childhood in the use of ski. Sir Ernest Shackleton, in his article on the "Conqueror of the South Pole," in the "Daily Chronicle" of the 8th, drew attention to the same point. It is hardly necessary to explain that the Scandinavian word "ski" is pronounced like the English "she."—[Photograph by Record Press.]



The Strike in Our Village.

In times of national panic, people have always rushed to the towns, just as sheep huddle together at the approach of a dog. It is the gregarious instinct. Logically, of course, it is all wrong. During the Boer War, we discovered the value of the open skirmishing order; if the Coal Strike lasts long enough—I am writing several days before publication—people may discover that it is possible to live healthily and happily without electric light, without gas, without trains, and even, for a considerable time, without coal.

By a happy combination of circumstances, I was able to get out of London on the very first day of the strike. My instinct, of course, was to remain. "Here," I said, "we are in the centre of all things. Whatever happens, London will be the last place to feel the pinch. London must go on. The supply of food is organised. London is a vast machine that never stops and never will stop. London is the heart of the Empire. When London stops, the Empire will be at an end. In short, my boy, remain in London, and you will be all right."

But I didn't. Four or five days indoors with a heavy cold made me long for a change of scene and a change of air. "To Hull," I said, "with the Coal Strike! If the worst comes to the worst, there will be fresh breezes on the hills, and sunlight on the budding trees, and the swirl of much water in the streams! They can't spoil those! The winter is over and gone! Come away to the country!" And here we are.

The Contented Woodman.

You would never know, if you strolled about our village and curbed the Londoner's bad habit of asking impertinent questions when he finds himself in the strange land of the country, that the top half of England was indulging in a prodigious sulk. My letters are a little late, but that is all. For the rest, life is as placid as ever. The cows are milked at the same hour, from the carpenter's shed comes the cheerful tap-tap of the busy hammer, the oldest inhabitant holds up his withered hands to the March sun and thanks God that he has lived, at any rate, to see one more English summer.

But the merriest sound of all is the woodman's saw. There is nothing the matter with the woodman. He is not sulking. True, folks want more logs than he can saw, but that does not trouble him. Scrunch-scrunch! Scrunch-scrunch! He never varies the pace in the slightest, no matter how many orders may be nailed to the door of his shed. "What one 'asn't got, t'other 'as. Them as 'as plenty must lend to them as 'asn't. That's reasonable, Sir, ain't it?" It is reasonable, and we all know that it is reasonable. More than that, we act upon it. Townsfolk, somehow or another, cannot see these matters in the right perspective. I suppose it is because there is not room enough to stand back and get a good view. In the country, things of this sort are easily understood.

There is still a half-load of logs in my shed. They are real logs, with the bark on, and right merrily they burn. Coal? Let it lie until the sulks are over.

The Wind and the Rain.

I had a letter, a day or two ago, from a friend in London. "So you are in the country again," he wrote. "Can't say I envy you, this beastly weather. What on earth do you find to do when it rains?"

I have been too busy to reply to that letter, but I can answer it now. What do I find to do when it rains? Why, go out, of course. In London, when it rains, one dashes for shelter; in the country, one trudges along and enjoys the feel of it on one's face. Nature

never intended the rain to be a curse to Man. The rain is a blessing. It purifies and strengthens. Who does not know the delightful sensation of getting drenched to the skin? There is something inexpressibly jolly about it. And then comes the other delightful sensation of shedding all your wet clothes, plunging into a bath, and dressing again in garments that are warm and dry. You have done your eight-mile tramp, and you have earned the right to stretch at full length, light your pipe, and take up your book. All the evening, you will feel a better man for that thorough drenching. Your dinner will be perfection, and the cigar that comes after it have a wonderful flavour.

And then to lie in bed at night and listen to the wind and the rain, the rain and the wind! You are sorry, very sorry, for the poor fellows at sea, and for the homeless on such a night, but you would be more than human if the gale did not add to the warmth and comfort of your bed. . . . Gilbert was right. There is beauty in the bellow of the blast.

Shakespeare and the Censorship.

I have been asked to sign a Petition to the King for the abolition of the Censorship of Plays. The Petition is not marked "Private," and I am therefore at liberty, I take it, to quote one passage. (In the public interest, by the way, it seems to me that these petitions, backed by a good many names of influence, should be published in full in the newspapers. The Drama, after all, exists for the many and not for the few.)

Here is the passage: "This natural development is being hampered and checked by the methods and principles of administration exercised by officials of Your Majesty's Household in the Department of the Lord Chamberlain—methods and principles which, had they existed in the days of Your Majesty's predecessor, Queen Elizabeth, would have deprived the English-speaking world of some of the chief glories of its literature—namely, 'Hamlet,' and most of the Historical Plays of William Shakespeare."

Here, Gentlemen the Petitioners, you give away your case. I challenge you to show me one passage of pure poetry in Shakespeare, or one scene of pure stage artistry, that would not pass the present Lord Chamberlain. On the other hand, the very things that mar the works of Shakespeare—the trucklings to the mental groundlings of the period—are the very things that the Censor would blue-pencil to-day.

A Very Old Sin.

Two or three weeks ago, I devoted one of these Notes to a few remarks—friendly, but intentionally stimulating remarks—on a play that I had seen well-noticed in one of my daily papers. The play was called, "The New Sin." A day or two after the appearance of my Note, I received the following, presumably for publication—

DEAR HOWARD KEBLE,—Many thanks for condescending to notice me; but my play does not expound what you say it expounds, nor is my name anything else but
B. MACDONALD HASTINGS.

Now, the paper in which I had read the favourable notice gave the author's name as Hastings Macdonald. As the critic had seen the play, and had the programme by his side, I took his word for it and called the gentleman Mr. Hastings Macdonald. However, an explanation was clearly due, and here is a copy of it—

DEAR MR. HASTINGS,—Your letter to hand. Believe me, there was no thought of condescension when I wrote my paragraph. I was merely trying to do a good turn to a man I have never met, but who sent me some very clever articles—all of which I printed—some five years ago, when I was acting as temporary editor of the *World*. I will do my best to make amends in next week's Number. Wishing you many more successes, faithfully yours.

ST. SEBASTIAN AS DIANA: A BALLERINA IN AFRICA.



1. THE ST. SEBASTIAN OF D'ANNUNZIO'S "LE MARTYRE DE ST. SÉBASTIEN," IN AFRICA; MLE. IDA RUBINSTEIN AS DIANA.

2. A FAIR BALLERINA AS MIGHTY HUNTER (BY PROXY); MLE. IDA RUBINSTEIN, THE FAMOUS DANCER, ON A SPORTING TRIP TO AFRICA.

3. IN HUNTING KIT; MLE. RUBINSTEIN IN AFRICA.

4. IN "CLEOPATRA": MLE. IDA RUBINSTEIN AS DANCER.

5. WITH THE LITTLE LEOPARD SHE FEEDS ON COD-LIVER OIL; MLE. RUBINSTEIN.

6. ON THE EDGE OF A VIRGIN FOREST; MLE. RUBINSTEIN IN AFRICA.

Mlle. Ida Rubinstein, the beautiful ballerina, has been on a big-game shooting expedition in Northern Rhodesia, but was not counted amongst the "guns." Her trophies include a baby leopard, whom she is dosing with cod-liver oil that his coat may be benefited. It will be remembered that she was the archer-saint of "Le Martyre de St. Sébastien." The "Times" said of her, before the production: "St. Sebastian will be represented by the dancer Mlle. Ida Rubinstein, whose physical qualifications for the part are said by Signor D'Annunzio to have inspired his muse." The "Telegraph" said that the poet had explained that "by his orders the lady has followed a strict diet for months, and has 'thinned down so successfully that she has acquired a man's figure.'"

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1. MR. R. H. COBB AS BIBENDUM.
2. MR. VAL PRINSEP AS AN EARLY VICTORIAN.
3. MISS BLACKWELL AS JOAN OF ARC.

4. LADY TOWNSHEND AS THE NUN OF "THE MIRACLE."
5. MRS. A. B. MILLER IN A SHOOTING-COSTUME.
6. MR. FELIX JOUBERT AS A KNIGHT.

The Chelsea Arts Club Ball was held at the Albert Hall on Wednesday of last week and was a great success. The chief feature of the decoration of the Albert Hall in the costume shown, which is valued at £200, and was presented to her by the chief of the North Dakota

THE EYES OF PLEASURE, AT THE CHELSEA ARTS CLUB BALL.



7. MISS FELICITY TREE, LADY DIANA MANNERS, THE HON. GUY CHARTERIS, AND MR. WALTER CRICHTON.
8. MESSRS. J. W. SHEPHARD AND M. BAGGALLAY AS MAX AND MORITZ.

9. THE HON. E. FITZGERALD AS CHARLES SURFACE.
10. "MISS MARJORIE" AND MR. J. HAMILTON.
11. MR. G. W. PRESTON AND FRIENDS.
12. MRS. RUDOLF HELLWAG AS A SIOUX CHIEFTAINNESS.

The ball-room was a canopy surmounted by a great figure of "Pleasure." Mrs. Hellwag, seen in one of our photographs, caused some sensation by riding a horse of Sioux, of which she was made a chieftainess by Chief Red Shirt. Her Indian name is Wambi-luta, or Red Eagle.

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5. NORWAY FJORDS ..	10 Aug.	13 days
6. BALTIC and RUSSIA ..	24 Aug.	24 days
7. PENINSULA and MOROCCO ..	28 Sept.	10 days
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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

"THE Chalk Line" is an engaging title, and the beginning of the new play at the Queen's is very agreeable: afterwards when the authors, Messrs. Fabian Ware and Mac-Owan, plunge into melodrama, they show signs of inexperience, and also of a desire to turn what is really simple melodrama into something higher. Probably by now better counsels have prevailed, and the audience is told promptly what on the first night was concealed so long that they were puzzled when they ought to have been thrilled. No amount of change can make this portentous story of strikes and spies and world-revolutionising secrets into anything like a piece of real drama, but by the time that its true nature is admitted and it is acted briskly and rendered easily intelligible, it will be entertaining to people who like to see this kind of railway-train fiction on the stage. Some of the acting is quite good, notably that of Mr. C. V. France and Mr. Brydone, and in minor parts that of Miss Helen Brown, Miss Marjorie Dane, and Mr. A. S. Homewood.

"Kipps," at the Vaudeville, by Messrs. Wells and Besier, is not quite the "Kipps" of the delightful novel. This is regrettable, but not surprising. Mr. Besier is a very clever dramatist of much experience, but the difficult, if possible, task of translating the book into a play has beaten him. Instead of a subtle piece of biography we had an amusing farce with humour rarely stooping to the merely mechanical. The picture of the draper's shop is really entertaining; the study of Mr. Chester Coote, king of prigs and snobs, admirably acted by Mr. Rudge Harding, is very amusing; and Kipps himself is quite divertingly presented by Mr. O. B. Clarence. No doubt half the audience regretted that the part was not in the hands of Mr. James Welch, who seemed born to play it; but, failing him, an excellent choice was made, and although Mr. Clarence does not quite look the character, his work was very clever and was received with much hearty applause. Also Miss Christine Silver was charming as Ann Parnick. "Kipps" is not by any means a great play, but whether or not you have been so foolish and lucky—for the folly can be repaired agreeably—as not to have read the book, you will find the piece interesting and amusing.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

RIDER.	THE BODLEY HEAD.
A Psychic Autobiography. Amande T. Jones. 4s. 6d. net.	Wings of Desire. M. P. Willcocks. 6s.
LONG.	APPLETON.
The Eternal Struggle. Newman Harding. 6s.	The Adventures of a Modest Man. Robert W. Chambers. 6s.
Clouds. Charles Iggesden. 6s.	MILLS AND BOON.
Austin's Career. Violet Tweedale. 6s.	When God Laughs. Jack London. 6s.
A Cabinet Secret. Guy Boothby. 6d. net.	His First Offence. J. Storer Clouston. 6s.
The Great Power. Harold Bindloss. 6d. net.	NASH.
Memory Corner. Tom Gallon. 6s.	The Vagrant. Colette Willy. 6s.
CONSTABLE.	Scarlet and Blue. Charles Hewson. 6s.
A Lost Interest. Mrs. George Wemyss. 6s.	STANLEY PAUL.
TRUSLOVE AND HANSON.	Woman Adrift. Harold Owen. 6s.
The Brownies, and Other Short Plays. Ella Erskine. 2s. 6d. net.	Between Two Stools. Rhoda Broughton. 6s.
WARD, LOCK.	CHAPMAN AND HALL.
A Blind Lead. Lawrence L. Lynch. 6s.	The Lady of Beauty. Frank Hamel. 15s. net.
SMITH, ELDER.	CHATTO AND WINDUS.
"Murphy": A Message to Dog-Lovers. Major Gambier-Parry.	The Truth About a Nunnery. Marion Ayesha. 6s.
Denham's. Alexandra Watson. 6s.	METHUEN.
GREENING.	The Revolt. Putnam Weale. 6s.
The Honour of Bayard. Michael Kaye. 6s.	

SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."

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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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The Eton Soft Shirt.

Old Etonians are rushing into print to air the clean linen of the great school. The small boys at Eton are now allowed to wear soft shirts—a privilege which before was only accorded to those very great people, the members of P.O.P. and other aristocrats of brain and muscle. Every great school is conservative of its old customs, but the stiff linen shirt only came to the school in the days of George IV., and if the Old Etonians who protest against the re-introduction of the soft shirt were quite logical they would urge that Etonians should wear the costume of the days of the royal founder of pious memory, and should go about dressed very much as the Bluecoat schoolboys do. In the days of powder and patches, a gentleman's shirt was a very soft, though often elaborate garment, and the plastron of stiff white cambric only dates back, I fancy, to the introduction of the open evening waistcoat. The Eton boy is a national asset in that when we see him in his tall hat and broad white collar and little jacket with a peak at the back we recognise the beau-ideal of the British schoolboy, and know that every foreign country admires him and envies us our possession of him. But whether small boys at Eton may wear soft shirts instead of stiff ones, and whether they may answer their names in "Change," are not matters with which the outside public need concern themselves. Certainly we all felt a twinge of regret when we were told that small Etonians now wore dickeys, but that was because the dickey is always supposed to be the front of offending of a "smug"; and "smug" is the last title that can be rightly applied to an Etonian.



CHINA CELEBRATES ITS REPUBLICANISM—AT AN ENGLISH UNIVERSITY: MEMBERS OF THE CAMBRIDGE CHINESE STUDENTS' SOCIETY PHOTOGRAPHED AT THEIR FANCY-DRESS DINNER IN HONOUR OF THE NEW ORDER OF THINGS IN THEIR OWN COUNTRY.

A few days ago the Cambridge Chinese Students' Society held a fancy-dress dinner to celebrate the foundation of the Chinese Republic. The following is a list of those in the group: Back row (from left to right)—A. Kung (Christ's), C. S. Shen (St. Catharine's), G. L. Loo (Caius), E. H. Chenalloy (Christ's). Front row (from left to right)—H. N. Cheah (Christ's), Y. K. Leong (Christ's), Y. P. Law (Jesus), P. K. Liang (Caius), L. Liu (Christ's), S. P. Law (Trinity Hall).—[Photograph by Mason and Co.]

Eton Etiquette.

The rules and etiquette as to dress at Eton have always been matters of consequence to the boys at the great school. The combination of the white tie and the tail coat is rather curious. Only boys in the Eight or the Eleven may wear white flannel trousers, all the remainder of the Etonians wearing grey. No Eton jacket may be made of shiny cloth, and only very distinguished people amongst the boys may turn up their trousers or carry their umbrellas rolled up. Of course, every Etonian always wears the lower button of his waistcoat unbuttoned.

Harrow Dress.

Eton is by no means the only one of the big schools which attaches great importance to small matters of dress. At Harrow the combination on one boy of a soup-plate straw hat and an evening tail-coat always strikes strangers to the School on the Hill as being curious and *outré*; but any attempt to alter the dress would be strongly resented. The Harrow boy's claw-hammer coat for everyday wear is almost as hardly used as that of a waiter, and differs very much from the spick-and-span garment he wears during holiday time in the evenings. During the time I was a boy at Harrow, an edict against

trousers-pockets was promulgated by Doctor Butler, the then Headmaster. He disliked to see boys slouching about with both their hands buried deep in their pockets; therefore all the nether-garments of the Harrovians were rendered pocketless.

Rugby and Winchester Etiquette.

I never heard of any special fads in garments at Rugby, though, of course, I learned to recognise, when visiting the school, the Fifteen colours, and the crest on the straw hats of the "caps." Both at Eton and at Rugby certain sides of certain streets are taboo to the small boys, just as at Harrow the narrow lane running down from The Grove—in my days, Tommy Steel's house—was considered by the boys of that house as their own property, down which no boy of another house could go, except with their permission. At Rugby, a small boy with hands red from the cold once told me that he was not allowed to put his hands in his pockets during his first term. During his second term he might have one

hand in his pocket, and during his third he might warm both hands in that way. At Winchester the tie is an important article of costume, house ties being given for cricket, and other ties for Fifteens. On Sundays, white ties are worn. The black silk hat at Winchester is known as "the cathedral," but I believe that of late years the Winchester boy goes hatless to chapel or cathedral.

Carpentier.

Some fifteen months ago I saw a young Frenchman box in the big shed by the Great Wheel,

near the Champ de Mars, in Paris. He was a particularly good-looking youth of seventeen, with pink-and-white skin, and he won his competition quite easily on points against an Englishman, boxing with most scrupulous fairness. This was Carpentier at seventeen years old, and now at Monte Carlo he has beaten Jim Sullivan, and can claim the right to call himself Champion Middle-weight of Europe. Men who saw the contest tell me that Carpentier, after the two rounds which was the period for which the contest lasted, looked as pink and white and smiling as a June bride. It seems as though Carpentier will eventually become the Heavy-weight Champion of the World. That proud position has till now always, so far as I can remember, been held by an English-speaking man. It will be curious if the white man who wins back the title from the men of colour should be a Frenchman. Of course, Carpentier has still some growing years before him before he will fight his decisive battles, but if England cannot produce world champions with the gloves then by all means let France, and not Africa, do so. I am told that within the last year it has become quite fashionable for ladies to attend boxing shows in France. A year ago there were very few feathered hats amongst the audience, and they were generally to be seen in the proximity of the seats whence the boxers not in the evening's entertainment watched their friends in the ring, the ladies being sweethearts and wives of the men of muscle.



SMALL TALK

ALTHOUGH the cartoons just sold in

King Street were

drawn before 1890, num-

bers of them are as inter-

esting to-day as when they

were made. People like

Lord Rosebery and Lord

Lonsdale grow older along

the expected lines; they

age but do not change.

Both were ruddier when, in

1876 and 1886, they caught

the eye of the caricaturist,

but otherwise how like

themselves they are! The

great surprise of Christie's

during the four days of its

Vanity Fair was the shy-

ness of the sitters. They

cannot pretend that it

would not have been rather thrilling to see them-

selves for a minute held aloft and then knocked

down to some friend or stranger. But they did not

turn up. One politician who went for the sole pur-

pose of

securing what he

takes to be a libel

of his

own fea-

tures found

himself

so prom-

inent in a com-

paratively

empty

room that

he with-

drew just

before

his "lot"



CELEBRITIES ALL IN A ROW: M. ABEL FAIVRE, ARTIST; M. PIERRE LAFITTE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER; M. SANTOS DUMONT, INVENTOR AND AIRMAN; M. SEM, CARICATURIST; M. RIP, CARICATURIST, AND Mlle. GERMAINE, OF THE THÉÂTRE RÉJANE.

Photograph by Mondanités.



WINNER OF SOUTH MANCHESTER FOR THE UNIONISTS: MR. PHILIP KIRKLAND GLAZEBROOK.

Mr. Glazebrook turned a Liberal majority of 2452 (in 1910) into a Unionist majority of 579. The election was made necessary by the appointment of Sir A. Haworth as Junior Lord of the Treasury. Mr. Glazebrook is a Manchester oil merchant.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

the most admired of modern men—Rodin—comes into somewhat violent collision with Mr. D. S. MacColl. Mr. Harrison has long known how to be tolerant of other men's opinions. He it was who invented the word—the antithesis to "ego-ist"—which is now on all men's tongues. From the Young Turk and from his son, the contentious editor of the *English*

slight accentuation of peculiar features is harder to bear than the gross exaggeration which is known at once for exaggeration. Nor was the system of dating at all tolerable. "*Vanity Fair* is decidedly unfair to one's vanity," said a Peeress who saw in the catalogue the cartoon of herself insistently dated 1883! She stayed away from the sale, for the first time feeling middle-aged.

The Original Mr. Frederic Harrison, who has had the

Altruist. courage to attack one of

the most admired of modern men—Rodin—

comes into somewhat violent collision with Mr.

D. S. MacColl. Mr. Harrison has long known how

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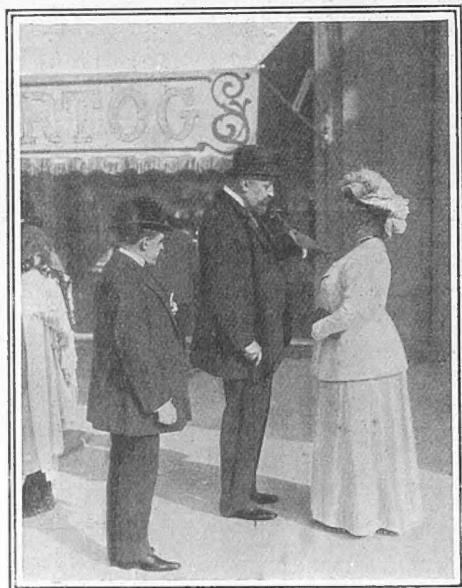
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tious

editor of the

English



ON THE RIVIERA: THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA.

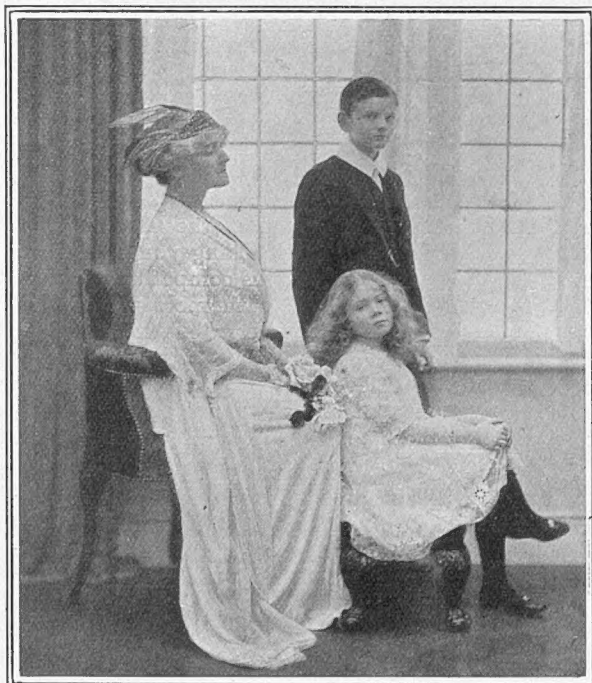
Photograph by Navello.

was called. "There are some things to which even the House of Commons does not harden one," he says.

Dates and Palmy Days.

Among the few people who faced the cartoons—and

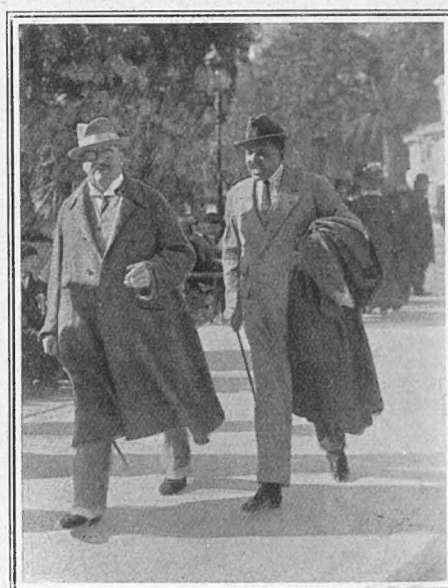
in most cases they were brave because they were not themselves lampooned—were Lord Ripon, Lady Crossley (who bid in person for the portrait of a friend), Sir Charles Holroyd, Mr. Fortescue, and Mr. Davis, art expert to the King. A representative of the Rutland family looked in, but seemed unconscious of the eyes that wandered in his direction on account of his great height and his close resemblance to a cartoon. But it may be doubted if any woman who was present in the portfolios was at Christie's in the flesh. The very fact that the caricaturist deals more tenderly with women than with men increases their discomfiture. A



A SOCIALIST, HER YOUNGER SON AND HER YOUNGER DAUGHTER: LADY WARWICK WITH THE HON. MAYNARD GREVILLE AND LADY AVERIL GREVILLE.

Lady Warwick left for the United States a few days ago, for a lecture tour. The Hon. Maynard Greville was born in 1898; Lady Averil in 1904.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



AT MONTE CARLO: THE RAJAH OF PUDUKATTAI.

Photograph by Navello.

Review, and from intercourse with every sort of leader of every sort of movement, he has learned the uses of liberality. Grant Duff mentions Mr. Harrison as a member of the Metaphysical Society, with Tennyson, Dean Alford, Dalgairns the Newmanite, Froude, and others alongside of him. "Such a society could only exist on the understanding that every question was to be treated as an open one," says the diarist, and a member, therefore, did not infringe the unwritten laws by demanding of the company, "Well, is there a God?" "Oh, yes," replied a member, straight from a debate in the Commons, "we had a very good majority." Mr. MacColl had a somewhat unfair advantage (in the person of a very fair wife) over Mr. Harrison, when their controversy got mixed up with the meaning of one of Rodin's French titles. Mrs. MacColl is a Frenchwoman.

WANTED — AND CHARGED WITH CONSPIRACY: "MILITANTS."



"THE YOUNG SIEGFRIED," AND OTHER SUFFRAGIST CHAMPIONS: MISS CHRISTABEL PANKHURST
(AT THE TOP) AND MR. AND MRS. PETHICK LAWRENCE.

After the recent window-smashing campaign, four of the Suffragist leaders—Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, Mrs. Pankhurst, and Mrs. Tuke—were arrested on March 6 and charged at Bow Street with "conspiracy to damage property and with aiding and abetting in the commission of offences against the Malicious Injuries to Property Act, 1861." They were remanded for eight days. A warrant was also issued for the arrest of Miss Christabel Pankhurst, who is described by the police as follows: "Aged about 26; height about 5 ft. 6 in.; fresh complexion, eyes dark, hair dark brown; usually wears a green tailor-made costume and a large fashionable hat." Curiously enough, on the 8th the police description was altered in one point—that of her age, which was then given as thirty-one. Miss Pankhurst has been called by her fellow-Suffragists "the Child of Destiny," "Spirit of the Dawn," "the Dauntless Champion," "the Maiden Warrior," and "the Young Siegfried." At the time of writing she has still succeeded in eluding the police. Mr. F. W. Pethick Lawrence, who is a barrister, is an old Etonian and was President of the Union at Cambridge. For some years he edited the "Echo." In 1901 he married Miss Emmeline Pethick, of Weston-super-Mare.—[Setting by "The Sketch"; photographs by Bassano.]



CUFF COMMENTS

By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

AN old woman, eighty-seven years of age, is asking for a divorce from her husband, who is ninety-three, somewhere in France. Have patience, old lady; the grey-beard with the scythe will come along soon enough and do the business for you for nothing.

A day or two before the window-smashing riots a paragraphist begged us to pity Mrs. Pankhurst because she had no time to take a holiday in gaol. With *bis dat qui cito dat* generosity, Mr. Curtis Bennett at once provided both the prison and the "time."

EXIT THE LITTLE GIRL.

(The spring fashions cater especially for the women of thirty, and the Little Girl style is disappearing before ampler habiliments.)



The Little Girl is passing, she is going every day
In her little baby skirt and baby hat;
Before the summer's with us she'll have vanished quite away
Like a smiling and elusive Cheshire cat.
For the Little Girl of twenty is no longer *à la mode*,
And her elder sister, Thirty, has indisputably showed
Her intention is to come and "larn her not to be a toad,"
In her frock that is both tubular and flat.

Maturity and Thirty are to have the season's boom,
The slim and curveless figure is to die;
The baby hat is smothered by the vast and nodding plume
That waves above a hat both wide and high.
And when the summer comes along there only will be seen
The mystic fabric taffetas, the cryptic bengaline,
For the soft and clinging charmeuse is an out-of-date has-been,
So kiss me, Little Girl, and say Good-bye!

A lady who has made a study of social life in London says that a professional man should not allow his daughter



to marry a man whose income is less than £300 a year. Then, of course, if the £300 a year husband's income ever falls to £299 that would be good ground for a divorce.

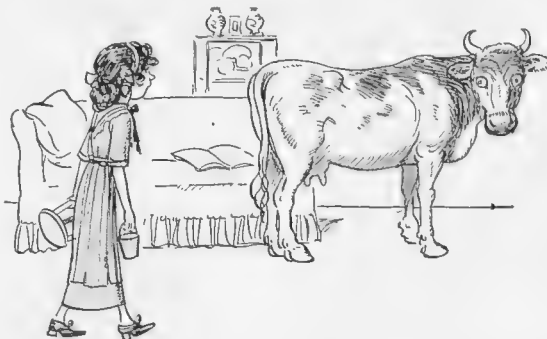
The quaint part of the suggestion is that such an old-world and Victorian idea should emanate from any woman who "has made a study of London social life." The modern daughter does not care a rap whether her father "allows"

her to marry or not. She tells one of her best boys that he has got to come with her to the registrar's, and the thing is done.

The Futurists say that, having reproduced in a picture the right shoulder or the right ear of a figure, they deem it totally vain and useless to reproduce the left shoulder or the left ear. Then those prehistoric pigs which we used to draw blindfolded in ladies' albums were the highest art, and we never knew it!

At Lowestoft a golfer has complained that, owing to the crowd on the links, he holed out in the mouth of a baby in a perambulator. What the baby said is not in evidence, but probably its mouth was too full for words.

The Times observes, "It seems absurd to talk of beautiful and graceful snails, and yet—" No, you are quite wrong. This is not the opening of an advertisement of Somebody's corsets.



THE SHOP IN THE HOME.

(In view of a prolonged strike, householders are now laying in stores of provisions, and in one house a cow has been established.)

"An Englishman's home is his castle," was our ancestor's freeborn phrase
Which has quite gone out of fashion in these over-inspected days;
But now we shall have to revise it, if the coal strike does not stop,
To a twentieth-century motto—"The Englishman's home is his shop."
For the shelves in my study are groaning with potted meats and jams,
And my books are going for kindling, and being replaced by hams,
And the bath-room is piled to the ceiling with a couple of tons of coal,
Above and beyond the fuel which crams the legitimate hole.

Then in the drawing-room littered with straw my daughter is learning how
To milk both morning and evening a deeply mistrustful cow,
The sheep is penned in a bed-room 'neath the cook's observant eye,
And under the dining-room table the pig has a smelly sty;
And my wife spends all the morning in goloshes and waterproof
In the effort to coax potatoes to grow on the sloping roof;
And our topic of conversation is the terrible things we'd like
To do to the blatant wind-bags who got up the miners' strike!



A Rip Van Winkle solemnly informs us that the motor-omnibus is going to be the popular vehicle of overground transport in the immediate future. Bless the white-bearded baby! It has been that for ever so long in the immediate past.

Yarmouth is objecting to the purchase of additional golf-links on the ground that golfers use peculiar language. So they do. What with "cleek," and "stymie" and "niblick," and similar Scotticisms, neither a bloater nor a District Councillor can tell whether they are swearing, or saying their prayers.

New York has got a new craze, the Hygienic Waltz, in which all the men must be qualified chemists and dance about a couple of feet away from their partners. Do they sit out on cheery little operating-tables between these thrilling dances?

M. Vedrines is going to take Dr.

Charcot to the South Pole by aeroplane. We are getting on. In a few years' time New Zealand will be known as the place where you change aerobuses for the South Pole and Patagonia.

In Lent it is quite unpardonable to be seen in Paris. It is some consolation that the coal strike, with its curtailed Continental services, is doing its best to keep us from this crime.

Whatever it may be, France is to be congratulated on the New Spirit, which is, anyhow, better than the Green Fairy, absinthe.

Mr. Robert J. Parr says that girls should not be taught clay-modelling before they have learned how to clean a feeding-bottle. I had no idea that the artistic temperament was nourished on pap.



AUTHOR! AUTHOR! THE WRITERS OF "KIPPS" AND "MILESTONES."



1. MR. H. G. WELLS, PART-AUTHOR OF "KIPPS."

3. MR. ARNOLD BENNETT, PART-AUTHOR OF "MILESTONES."

2. MR. RUDOLF BESIER, PART-AUTHOR OF "KIPPS."

4. MR. EDWARD KNOBLAUCH, PART-AUTHOR OF "MILESTONES."

"Kipps," based on his own novel of the same name, is the first play in which Mr. H. G. Wells has had a share. His novels and short stories are so many and so well known that there is no need for us to give a list of them, but it may be recorded that his first publications date from 1895, and are "Select Conversations with an Uncle," "The Stolen Bacillus, and Other Stories," and "The Wonderful Visit." He is a Bachelor of Science (Lond.). He was born at Bromley, Kent, in September 1866, son of the late Joseph Wells, professional cricketer. Mr. Rudolf Besier is of Dutch extraction, and was born in July 1878. He is best known, perhaps, as author of "The Virgin Goddess," "Don," and "Lady Patricia." Mr. Knoblauch's name is most familiar to the great public as that of the author of the phenomenally successful "Kismet." Mr. Arnold Bennett dates his first publication, "A Man from the North," from 1898, but made his first considerable "hit" in 1902, with "The Grand Babylon Hotel" and "Anna of the Five Towns." His other plays are "Cupid and Common-sense," "What the Public Wants" and "The Honeymoon." He was born in 1867.—[From Camera Portraits by Hoppe.]



THE "FROM ONE GENERATION TO ANOTHER" PLAY: "MILESTONES," AT THE ROYALTY.

The Three-Period Play.

What would they have thought of "Milestones" in 1860, the year when its first act passes? Nothing. Nobody would have produced it; nobody could have written it. Yet it can be suggested that biographical drama is not wholly new. This may be admitted without any disparagement to Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. Edward Knoblauch, since they have made the idea wholly their own by originality and brilliance of treatment. And so we were permitted to see the Rhead family and the Sibley family in the year 1860, when it was thought "awfully" fast for a lady to ride in a hansom (was "awfully" permissible slang then?), and even the suggestion of women riding outside an omnibus was indecent; how they could get on top of the 'bus of those days with its narrow knife-boards and no railings it is hard to see. They wore crinolines which showed a great deal of the limbs that it was considered highly indelicate to mention, and, according to the authors, the idea of building ships of iron was scouted by the experts. But iron had entered into the soul of young John Rhead, and he was determined to build ships with it, and, on account of his determination, quarrelled with his partners and risked losing his pretty sweetheart, Rose. The only person who really suffered was his sister Gertrude, who interposed in the quarrel, was told by Sam Sibley, her fiancé, that he would not argue with a woman, and, promptly replying that she refused to marry a man who would not condescend to argue with her, returned his engagement-ring. Alas, poor Gertrude! for she really loved him. The Gertrude of nowadays would be doing two months' "hard" for window-smashing.

A quarter of a century later found John Rhead, prosperous, the scene being still the drawing-room at Kensington Gore, all the furniture showing the change of taste, though there were little signs of the already potent æsthetic movement. The philosophy of the play began to distinguish itself. We were shown how much severer is the test of prosperity than of adversity. Under the latter, John Rhead would have been heroic; but with success came selfishness, snobbishness; and John, with a baronetcy imminent, John who in '60 was an ardent lover and bold believer in new ideas, coerced his daughter Emily into marriage with an elderly Peer, and was supported by the pretty Rose, now a charming middle-aged matron, humbly submissive to her lord. To-day Rose would not have been submissive, would not have worn a cap, and would not have seemed middle-aged

at forty-five, but would be a dashing young woman competing in society with Emily—the vacillating Emily who had not the strength to fight for the right to be happy—though Aunt Gertrude once more made an effort on behalf of love.



SPITTED—BY THE PHOTOGRAPHER! MME. DE VIGNE, DISGUISED AS A MAN TO GAIN ADMISSION TO THE CONSPIRATORS' MEETING, IS KILLED BY HENRI DE MONTRALE, IN "THE MONK AND THE WOMAN," AT THE LYCEUM.

It will be noted that, to make the incident thoroughly realistic, the photographer has painted a sword-point emerging from Mme. De Vigne's back! The photograph shows Mr. Austen Milroy as Henri de Montrale and Miss Frances Dillon as Mme. De Vigne.

present generation, a striking sketch, also, of our own times, to be studied profitably by generations to come, and a fine gallery of truly



THE RIVALS FIGHTING—POLITELY: MISS VIOLET FAREBROTHER AS THE COMTESSE DE SALLE AND MISS FRANCES DILLON AS MADAME DE VIGNE—IN "THE MONK AND THE WOMAN," AT THE LYCEUM.

should be hearty praise for minor work by Miss E. Hubbard, Miss Gladys Cooper, and Messrs. H. Harben, S. Logan, W. Attwill, and Owen Nares.

1912. In this year of grace (perhaps one might almost say disgrace, for a state of affairs exists which, when Sir John Rhead was young, would have seemed the end of all things) he is still alive, celebrating his golden wedding day with his grandchildren around him, and we see the generation of the second act undergoing, in due course, its changes under the influence of time, and also have useful lessons insidiously imposed on us as to many of the dangers to character caused by age. The old strife between love and age arises again at this period, and it is Emily's daughter, aided by the indefatigable Gertrude, who is at war with old Sir John and with her mother, the victim, in 1885, of parental authority. Youth has an unexpected ally in old Sir John's wife, who for once in her fifty years of married life ventures to oppose him. But the girls of to-day are not frightened by mothers or grandfathers; they mean to live their own lives, and Muriel sticks out till her mother makes a treacherous attack, only to be defeated by the man whom she has jilted in 1885.

The Sum Total. A remarkable combination of humour and unsentimental sentiment, of laughter and love-scenes with poetry in them; vivid pictures of bygone days, the truth of which some of us can attest to the present generation, a striking sketch, also, of our own times, to be studied profitably by generations to come, and a fine gallery of truly drawn characters, exhibiting natural growth and change. All this can truthfully be said of "Milestones," and praise can be given for much lively dialogue and clever technique. No wonder a first-night audience, full of old playgoers, was delighted by work so fresh and true; even the scenery, with its two changes of furnishing in the drawing-room, had its quiet humours, and the ladies and men, too, will find amusement in the three contrasts of garments and hair-dressing. Of course, the play acted well, with a wisely chosen cast. The four principals, John, Rose, Gertrude, and Emily, could not have been played better than they were by Mr. Dennis Eadie, Miss Mary Jerrold, Miss Haidee Wright and Miss Evelyn Weeden; and there

E. F. S. (MONOCLE).

MUSTERS — IN FORCE; OR, “EVERYBODY’S DOING IT”!



PERCIVAL: The Coal Strike *must* stop!

HENRY: The Coal Strike *must* stop!

(And there it is left.)

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

LORD and Lady Derby are not content to let Knowsley rely on history and a tradition for its attractiveness. It is not enough to possess the chair in which the seventh Earl was beheaded. What he approved does not necessarily satisfy Knowsley's hostess to-day. Kings, ever since Henry VII., have been comfortable there, but only because, Lady Derby contends, her predecessors have kept the place up to date; and it was just as possible to be up to date or out of date in the sixteenth century as in the twentieth. The ticking news-tape, the elaborate electric installation, the motor service, the all-knowing staff—all go trimly in the King's honour. The latest poet is on the table, the latest "prices" are on the tape; but modernity is not allowed to be a nuisance. Knowsley is the Knowsley of old for those who have an eye for it.

"Derby Brights." King George's visit is arranged for a time when Knowsley will be radiant with coal-fires—its particular pride. It is a Derby saying that a room without a nest of flame is like a landscape without water: the strike that could

starve its grates were a strike as terrible as the



ENGAGED TO THE HON. HENRY MILLES-LADE, BROTHER AND HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE TO EARL SONDES: MISS ESTHER BENYON. Miss Benyon is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Benyon. Mr. Henry Milles-Lade, who was born in November 1867, is the only brother of Earl Sondes. He was a Captain in the Royal East Kent Yeomanry, is an Hon. Lieutenant in the Army, and served in South Africa in 1900 and 1901. He assumed the additional surname of Lade in 1900 by deed poll. [Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

wrote so warmly of its fires: "We have a charming and very good-sized salon, with bed-rooms large and comfortable on each side, the salon furnished in bright chintz, and good pictures on the walls. There were blazing fires everywhere—enormous rocks of Liverpool coal one sees here. I instantly proceeded to demolish mine in my bedroom. Adelaide had already tried to make the housemaid understand that her lady did not like warm rooms, but the other pointed to the snow under the window, and heaped on her coal." The French visitor was an exception. "I went down about twelve and found the ladies in the drawing-room all complaining of the cold."

"The Champak Odours Fail." The consignment of rare orchids gathered in Central America for King George and other English collectors will come, in his

Majesty's case, to one whose botanical studies have recently received a considerable impetus. India excites the student's imagination; and tiger-lilies, or their equivalent, did not bloom in vain when the King went tiger-shooting. His Majesty certainly did not take the merely negative pleasure in them professed by another type of Englishman. "But at least the flowers are charming?" this gentleman was asked, when he professed his dislike of everything Indian. "All I can say is that they are the only things in the country that do not smell," was his answer. But he was wrong; the King's orchids do not smell, perhaps, but many of the flowers of India do.

The Poet at the Corner.

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, though in his car at the time of the St. Swithin's Lane shooting outrage, is slow to give up his old friend, the cab. Some thousands of journeys has it carried him from west to east and back again, and his father used it before him. But the Rothschilds do not always drive—either hard bargains or in cabs. Sometimes they walk; and their generosity, not being content with handsome "subs" and large



TO MARRY MR. HAMILTON RUSSELL STEPHENSON ON THE 14TH: MISS ISIE MADELENE FELLOWES.

Miss Fellowes is the eldest daughter of the late Captain Peregrine Fellowes, Chief Constable of Hampshire, and of Mrs. Peregrine Fellowes, of Hurstbourne Priors, Whitechurch, Hants. Mr. Russell Stephenson, late of the Rifle Brigade, is the eldest son of Mr. Russell Stephenson.

Photograph by Val d'Estrange.



DR. R. LESSING AND MISS MILLY FULD, WHOSE MARRIAGE IS TO TAKE PLACE AT AMSTERDAM ON MARCH 19.

Miss Fuld is a daughter of the late Maximilian E. Fuld and of Mrs. Berthold Nathusius, of Amsterdam, and is a granddaughter of the late Baron Rosenthal and of Baroness Rosenthal, of Amsterdam. Dr. Lessing, well known in London and on the Continent as a consulting chemist and a member of various scientific societies, is a son of the late Simon Lessing and of Mrs. Lessing, of Bamberg, Bavaria.

Photographs by Speaight.

French Revolution. It was a French Ambassador who



ENGAGED TO MR. R. ARKWRIGHT, OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS: MISS MARJORIE HARDCASTLE.

Miss Hardcastle is the daughter of the late Mr. F. Hardcastle, M.P. Mr. Arkwright is the eldest son of Mr. F. Arkwright, J.P., D.L.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



ENGAGED TO MR. JAMES ARTHUR: MISS ELEANOR MONTGOMERIE.

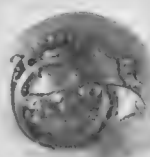
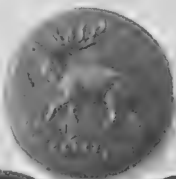
Miss Montgomerie, who will be remembered as having "walked on" in "Peggy," at the Gaiety, believing that everyone should have a definite object in life, is the second daughter of Lady Sophia Montgomerie, daughter of the fourteenth Earl of Eglinton and Winton. Mr. James Arthur is the only son of the late Mr. Thomas Glen Arthur, and of Mrs. Arthur, of Carrick House, Ayr, and nephew of Sir Matthew Arthur, Bt., of Fullarton, Ayrshire. [Photograph by Rita Martin.]

charities, attends, too, to the little roadside acts of kindness that are just as troublesome to perform and just as valuable to the recipient. It was a Rothschild—but whether Leopold or Ferdinand, nobody, not even Leopold himself, now knows—who gave a florin instead of a halfpenny to a certain paper-seller in Piccadilly. There are people now who would give a hundred pounds to have dispensed that florin. The paper-seller was one of the greatest poets of his time—Francis Thompson.

"And Called It—!"

Perhaps it is the carrier-pigeon that has linked the message-bearer and the kitchen. The lady who, watching a pigeon bring home its letter, said "I shall never be able to eat pigeon again; it would be like eating a postman!" was neater than the speaker who tried to propose Signor Marconi's health the other night and stuck in the middle with "Gentlemen, Signor Marc-er-oni!"

HALLALI! HALLALI!! HUNTING AS SHE IS IN FRANCE.



1. HORN-BLOWERS AND THE FOLLOWERS OF THE HUNT AWKWARDLY PLACED: THE STAG FALLS ON THE ICE AND COMES TO "GROUND."
2. SANCTUARY PROVIDED BY WINTER: THE STAG TAKES TO THE ICE, FALLS, AND REFUSES TO RISE.
3. IN TRICORNE HAT AND ELABORATE UNIFORM: Mlle. VILLENEUVE DE BARGE-MONT.

4. THE QUARRY AS A BADGE: A SPECIAL BUTTON WORN BY MEMBERS OF A FRENCH HUNT.
5. FOX-HUNTING IN FRANCE: THE CASE IN WHICH THE FOX IS TAKEN TO THE MEET.
6. SIGNS OF MEMBERSHIP OF HUNTS: BUTTONS WORN BY HUNTING MEN AND HUNTING WOMEN IN FRANCE.
7. WITH FULL "BAND" IN ATTENDANCE: THE "HALLALI" SOUNDED.
8. ASSISTING AT THE "HALLALI DU CERF": SPECTATORS AT A MEET.

Hunting in France, as shown in our photographs, is in many ways a very different affair from the English form of that sport. A French hunt would seem to be more theatrical and spectacular in the matter of costume and in the arrangements of the meet. The band of horn-blowers, for instance, in their smart uniforms, is to English eyes rather suggestive of a Lord Mayor's Show than of a run with the Cottesmore or the Quorn. Then, too, the practice of bringing Reynard to the meet imprisoned in a cylindrical box, and letting him out like a mouse out of a trap with the cat after it, is hardly sporting from an English point of view, for it not only gives the quarry a severe handicap from the start, but it nullifies half the skill both of pack and huntsmen.—[Photographs by Chusseau-Flaviens.]

ORGANIC PUGNACITY.



THE LADY: So you're really one of the striking miners?

THE LOAFER: Yus, lidy. I'm wot they call one o' the pioneers o' the movement.
I went on strike twenty-three years ago, lidy, and I ain't never give in yet.

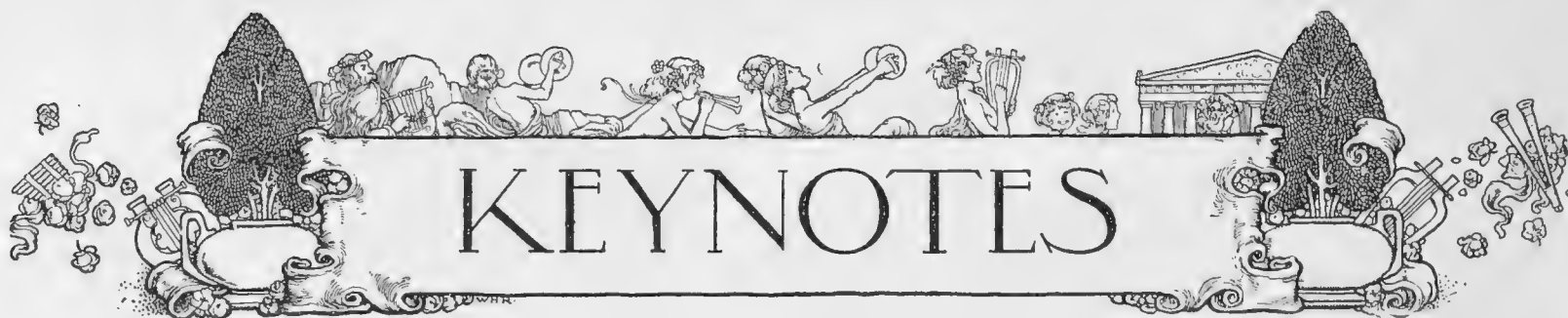
DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.

Sporting with Winter = Sports : Bateman Eccentricities.



V.—LUGEING : "THE ACHTUNG - ERS."

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



NOW that Mr. Hammerstein's first London season is at an end and a few reflections upon it cannot be deemed unfriendly, there is a certain interest in brief comparison between his aims, as set out at the beginning of the season, and his achievements as they stand recorded. The American impresario came over here to teach us what grand opera really is, to show us what an opera-house looks like, to present singers unknown to fame who should impress upon us the absurdity of supporting old favourites at high prices, to mount some thirty operas, including "Dolores," "The Violin-Maker of Cremona," "Don Quixote," and other interesting novelties, of which we have still to see the initial performance. He was not the first in the field to challenge the hegemony of Covent Garden in quite recent years. Mr. Henry Russell and Signor Robert de Sonna had joined forces to that end, Mr. Thomas Beecham had followed, and when he gave up the attempt it was whispered that the total cost of his operatic ventures, expenditure over receipts, was in the neighbourhood of seventy thousand pounds. But Mr. Hammerstein came over here not to doubt but to conquer, not to lay siege but to enter into his kingdom. Some great American knights of industry representing tobacco or shipping had essayed the conquest of England on the same splendid lines in years past; it is hardly to the point to recall in this place the precise relation of their outlay to their success.

Well, London has watched an interesting experiment. It found Mr. Hammerstein in possession of a fine house and a good company. The chorus has proved extremely capable; some of the soloists have been really good—distinct acquisitions, in fact; but London remained unconverted until the last weeks, when prices assumed a well-merited modesty. One by one Mr. Hammerstein abandoned original intentions. Of the operas, thirty in all, set down for performance, only a dozen could be presented; the high price of stalls and boxes had

to respond. Finally, Mr. Hammerstein found that he could no longer carry on his work without something akin to the despised and denounced subscription upon which the Grand Opera Syndicate relies.

It is, we think, correct to say that supporters of the summer season include Lord Howard de Walden, members of the Barnato family, and some others whose income would well-nigh enable them to run an opera season unaided. Mr. Hammerstein no longer despises their contributions; he does not claim that he will enter the musical arena single-handed and reduce existing institutions to a sense of their shortcomings. Like Buckingham, he has "lowered that proud look." Experience has shown him that even in matters of music London may know something of the conduct of its own affairs. And London, grateful for the fine opera-house in Kingsway, mindful of the veteran impresario's pluck, and not altogether unconscious that the big words that forewent the season were part of the great American business tradition, has been content to forget. It even rallied generously to Mr. Hammerstein in the last weeks of his season when he decided that it was better to fill his best seats at theatre prices than to give them away or leave them empty at

such high prices as Covent Garden demands in the summer, when stars of the first magnitude are engaged on their own terms, and the cost of a single performance may run into four figures. To be sure, Mr. Hammerstein proposes to return to the original prices for his summer season, but to do this he will need to justify them by the extent, variety, and interest of his programme, and the quality of the company he engages to fulfil it. He promises to do this, and will doubtless keep his word.

Given good value for money, London is safe to respond, but there is a certain hard business quality about the Englishman that is hard to approach on any other terms. This quality has been very marked and much in evidence when American enterprise has assailed

English markets in past time, but it is distinctly interesting to see it coming out in matters of pleasure as strongly as in matters of business. The methods that seem to serve in the States, where Mr. Hammerstein has achieved so much success, and with which he reduced the Metropolitan Opera House to such straits that it paid him two million dollars to retire from competition with it in New



"THE GEISHA," AT THE PALACE: MISS GLADYS GUY AS MOLLY SEAMORE.



"THE GEISHA," AT THE PALACE: MISS BLANCHE TOMLIN AS O MIMOSA SAN.



CONDENSED MUSICAL COMEDY FOR THE MUSIC-HALL STAGE: "THE GEISHA," AT THE PALACE.

"The Geisha," given over eight hundred times when originally produced at Daly's, in 1896, is being presented in condensed and most attractive form at the Palace.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

to be reduced; and, despite his objection to the star system, we found Mr. Hammerstein crossing the Atlantic to offer Caruso any price he might demand to shed the light of his presence upon the Kingsway. Unfortunately, the great tenor was not prepared

York, would appear to lose a great part of their force and efficacy on the journey across the Atlantic. Here, down to the present, they must have seemed interesting but innocuous to the rival establishment.

COMMON CHORD.

FAVOURER BY STRIKERS: "RAG" - CHASING — WHIPPET - RACING.



1. NICELY HANDICAPPED: GETTING THE DOGS ON THEIR MARKS FOR A RACE.
2. SEEKING THE "RAGS" WAVED BY THEIR RUNNERS-UP: THE DOGS RACING.
3. THE SLIPPERS THROWING THE DOGS INTO THEIR STRIDE: THE START.
4. THE HANDICAP MARKS: GETTING THE DOGS ON TO THEIR LINES FOR A RACE.

5. AFTER THE RACE: A DOG HANGING ON TO HIS "RAG."
6. NEARING THE "RAGS" HELD BY THEIR RUNNERS-UP: DOGS FINISHING A RACE.
7. HANGING TO A "RAG" AT THE FINISH: THE WINNER.

Whippet-racing is to the working-man, and especially to the miner, what coursing is to those who can afford the costlier sport. It is not surprising, therefore, to know that amongst the holiday amusements favoured by miners on strike it took high place. The dogs, who from their early youth have been taught to worry "rags," are weighed in and are then taken to their handicap marks by their slippers, who throw them into their stride on the signal for a start being given. Then each dog runs up the course at full speed towards a towel, or "rag," waved by its runner-up, to which it is trained to race. The whippet can cover two hundred yards in thirteen seconds.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]



THE "WOMAN POPE": A LEGEND OF THE VATICAN.*

"The Woman Keeper of the Keys of Heaven."

The foibles and the frail favourites of Popes long dead provide Dr. Rappoport with material for a chronicle of scandals, or, as he has it, love-affairs, of the Vatican. And no chapter in his work is more curious than that which deals, not with peccant man seated upon the Throne of St. Peter, but with the oft-disputed, oft-discounted story of the woman who, according to tradition, attained to the headship of the Church and kept the Keys of Heaven. It happened, he says, basing his statements on "the evidences transmitted by trustworthy authorities," at the beginning of the ninth century. A learned English priest, "accompanied by a fair and lovely woman, his travelling companion," arrived at Mayence, and there a child was born to them, a child who had inherited grace of body and subtlety of mind, and grew to be a marvellous blend of the worldly and the scholarly, wisdom in a rose-leaf. To this beauteous blue-stockings came many admirers, a young monk of Fulda amongst them. He was favoured, and Joan—so was she called—"conceived the daring idea of assuming masculine garb, and of joining the monastery of Fulda, so as to be near her lover. And thus Joan became John the Englishman, a monk at Fulda, destined one day to occupy the Throne of St. Peter. After a sojourn of two months within the convent walls, fearing detection, the lovers escaped in the silence of the night and travelled through Europe until they at last reached Athens, where they remained for many years." Their reputation for learning grew. Then one day, they separated, the woman going towards the West, the man towards the East. "John the Englishman" wended her way to Rome. "Knowledge was power in those days of mediævalism, and in an age of darkness he who could hold the torch of learning was sure of success. Joan decided to avail herself of her learning and attain to high honours. . . . She decided now to hide for ever the secret of her sex." Ordained priest, she became Professor, and was honoured by the esteem and friendship of Leo IV. She even fought against the infidels at the head of the Roman soldiers, driving the enemy from Italian soil. Later, she was the Papal Secretary of State and a Cardinal. Then came the great moment of a strange career. "Leo IV. died, and the Papal Conclave proceeded to elect a new Pope. Many candidates there were. . . . At last—to pacify all parties—the choice fell upon an outsider. . . . The Conclave elected John the Englishman to the honour of wearing the Papal Crown." In doing so, it yielded to popular pressure, for John was a general favourite.

Baldello Learns the Secret.

Pope Joan, so it is said by legend, ruled wisely and with benevolence in Rome, abolished abuses, excommunicated Iconoclasts, received the adoration of kings. Then, of a sudden, all her material ambitions having been satisfied, "she came to feel, like the author of 'Ecclesiasticus,' that all was vain. In a

sentence, she desired love." So Baldello, a Florentine, a chamberlain, was "initiated into the secret and mystery which shrouded the personality of the Pontiff." "Legend relates that on that night a statue of the Virgin suddenly fell to the ground and was broken into a thousand pieces; that an image of St. Peter turned black, and that the moon was eclipsed, covering, as it were, its brilliance with a veil—in sign of shame. Henceforth Joan lived mostly in her apartments, and rarely appeared in public."



THE WOMAN WHO HELD THE KEYS OF HEAVEN—ACCORDING TO LEGEND: "JOHN THE ENGLISHMAN"—POPE JOAN.

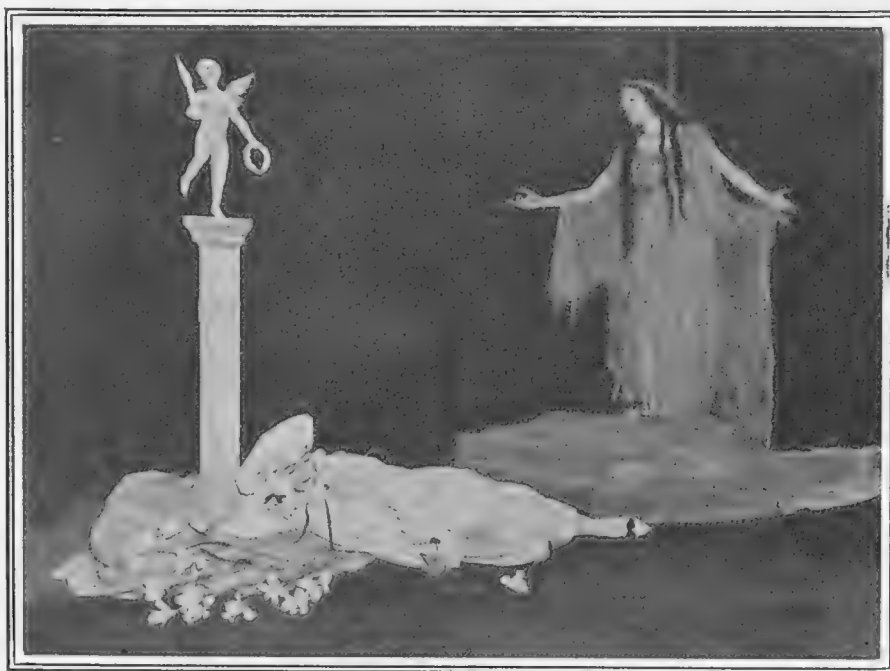
From "The Love Affairs of the Vatican," by Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport, reproduced by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co.

The Revenge of Nature.

And it came about in the end that Nature had her revenge. "Strange happenings occurred, and . . . the minds of men were troubled by wonderful phenomena, clearly announcing the wrath of Heaven . . . The Tiber overflowed its banks, inundated the country, carried away churches and houses, and drowned men and beasts. The locust devastated the harvest and ruined the vine. . . . The people . . . clamoured for the intervention of the Pope. Pope Joan announced that on the next day she would ride in a holy procession, anathematise the locusts, and deliver Rome from that scourge." So she set out, acclaimed by the masses. "The Pope blessed the fields and the harvests, making crosses into all directions. And now the procession was over, and Joan, remounting the mule, returned to the Vatican. But, alas! she was not destined to reach it. . . . Suddenly the Holy Cross had fallen from Joan's hand—the Pope had fainted." A child was born to her, and she—she died and was buried where she lay.

Woman and the Papacy.

So much for a single phase of Dr. Rappoport's elaborate work, of which its author writes: "It is of the discrepancy existing between the sublime teachings of the Master and the practice of many of His vicars that I treat. . . . I especially show the important part



"THE PIERROT OF THE MINUTE": THE MOON-MAIDEN'S FAREWELL TO THE PIERROT.

Our photograph shows a scene from Ernest Dowson's "The Pierrot of the Minute," one of the series of short plays presented by the Drama Society at Clavier Hall the other day. Miss Ethel Evans is seen as the Moon-Maiden; Miss Rita Spontl as Pierrot.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

played by the favourites and mistresses of the Popes in the history of the Vatican and Christianity." "For centuries," he continues, "the history of the Roman Pontiffs reminds one of the most depraved times of Athens and pagan Rome, rather than of Bethlehem and Jerusalem. Courtesans, famous for their talent and their beauty, their intrigues and their gallant love-affairs, ruled the Church and disposed of the tiara. They raised and deposed the Pontiffs, imprisoned and assassinated them. They were in possession of the keys of the Castle of St. Angelo; they exercised their sway over the aristocracy through their relations, over the people through their mild administration, and over the Popes—through their vices." All of which is to say that Dr. Rappoport has looked upon the dark side of the Papacy of centuries ago—and found it good for book-making, and as a text for use against compulsory celibacy. That he has looked upon the brighter side, too, he is eager to point out. "I must hasten to add that some shining examples of virtue and piety have occupied the Throne of St. Peter." Many will read with interest, if all do not agree with matter and method.

* "The Love-Affairs of the Vatican; or, The Favourites of the Popes." By Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport. (Stanley Paul and Co. 16s. net.)

DOGMATIC!



THE INSPECTOR (*collecting details from the man in charge of one end of the "measured mile"*): An' was 'is motor goin' very fast?
 THE SUBORDINATE: Fast, Sir? Why, it was goin' so fast that the bulldog on the seat beside 'im looked like a dachshund.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

ARCADIA.

By J. MORTON LEWIS.

"MY dear Mrs. Trentham," said Sir Charles, "I want to get away from all this bustle and confusion."

Mrs. Trentham arched her eyebrows. "You are not going to turn into a philosopher—promise me you won't become a Socialist. It is getting so fashionable—a red tie wouldn't suit you one bit."

"Please take me seriously."

She glanced at him with a smile. "Very well. I am afraid you are a coward—you are seeking to elude the dangers of the summer season."

Sir Charles glanced at her sharply.

"You are the third who has come to me within the last week and asked me to send him away somewhere where he may live the simple life. The reason is too palpable."

Sir Charles flushed. "Upon my honour—" he began.

Mrs. Trentham held up a warning finger. "Now! It's the way of the world, you know."

"But it's simply awful," groaned Sir Charles.

Mrs. Trentham surveyed his immaculately groomed figure. "I don't see any signs of—embarrassment." She put down her cup. "But since you've asked my advice so prettily, I'll do the best I can for you. Have you ever heard of Frantingham?"

Sir Charles had not.

"It's a little seaside town fifteen miles from Bournemouth—about three houses and a church."

"Is it pretty?"

"Glorious! I can't describe it—all orchards and fields, with the sea in the distance, a pale amethystine blue, as it always is in poems."

"Any post-office?"

"No post-office, no telephone—in fact, it's Arcadia two hours from London."

"Then," said Sir Charles, "I shall go down at once. How can I thank you?"

"By writing to me, a prisoner in chill, unprepossessing London, and letting me know how you are getting on."

Sir Charles held her hand in his for a second. "My dear Mrs. Trentham, you shall have an exact diary of my doings."

Mrs. Trentham watched him walk down the road, and then crossed to her escritoire and drew from it a letter. It was dated from Frantingham, and ran—

"MY DEAR VIOLET,—From sheer desperation I am writing to you to-day. Father has found some wonderful fossils, and we are staying in this awful place for another three weeks. Think of it, my dear—for myself I shudder at the bare idea. My dear Violet, if something exciting doesn't happen soon, I shall elope with the boy who looks after our garden. He is nineteen, has freckles, and is the much-sought-after Adonis of the village.—Yours, NINA."

Mrs. Trentham replaced the letter with a smile. "Poor Nina!" she said.

Sir Charles was twenty-six, good-looking, and possessed of considerable private means.

Twelve hours after their conversation he was on the platform of Frantingham Station.

After seeing his luggage deposited in the carrier's cart *en route* for the village, he commenced to walk to Arcadia.

Walking along, he looked in vain for the orchards and the amethystine sea. A feeling of disappointment stole over him as he covered the dusty roads.

Three miles and a half covered, he came upon Frantingham, a cluster of small, whitewashed houses. There was a haze upon the sea—a chill, heavy, irreflective haze.

"Ugh!" said Sir Charles, "what could Violet have meant?"

On the shore he came upon an old white-haired gentleman, gravely chipping at a piece of rock with a geologist's hammer.

Sir Charles stopped in front of him. "Could you direct me to some apartments?" he asked.

The old gentleman looked at him absent-mindedly.

"If you inquire at Mrs. Moriarty's at the general stores on the hill, there, I daresay she can tell you where to go. I am afraid I don't know of any myself."

Sir Charles thanked him and withdrew. Following his advice, he called upon Mrs. Moriarty.

She was a short, buxom woman, with a warm, almost florid complexion. She had a couple of rooms to let herself.

Sir Charles took them, and, after having tea, immediately sat down to commence his diary to Mrs. Trentham. The letter was written in a sarcastic vein, and spoke of the beauties of Frantingham. It terminated with "Arcadia is not the word."

The letter reached Mrs. Trentham next morning, and caused her many smiles.

"It is very evident he has not met *her* yet," she remarked.

Each day, true to his promise, Sir Charles wrote Mrs. Trentham an account of his actions. The sarcastic style of his first letter he discarded for a more candid one, and asked her why she should wish to send him to such a place. "Of orchards there is not a vestige. The only apples I have seen since I arrived are some in the window of my landlady, Mrs. Moriarty. They are retailed at three-pence per pound, and are in an extremely fly-blown condition."

On the third day, he met *her*. He was walking along the shore, when he saw in the distance a figure in a tailor-made costume of blue.

As she came nearer, he discovered she was pretty—more than ordinarily so; and that her costume fitted her as only clothes can that are turned out by a West-End costumier.

"I wonder who she can be," he said to himself; and in her eyes, as they passed one another, he read the same question.

After continuing for a couple of hundred yards, he retraced his steps.

Walking right past the village, to the wild land beyond, he saw nothing of her, and idled away the afternoon chatting to a fisherman, standing in a position where he had an uninterrupted view of the whole coastline.

As a matter of fact, that afternoon the young lady in question was busy penning a long letter to her bosom friend, Mrs. Trentham. In it she wrote, "What do you think, dear, I met a man upon the shore, to-day, a real, live man. He is not bad-looking, but very young, I should say. He looked frightfully bored."

Mrs. Trentham smiled as she read the letter. "I shall be hearing from the Honourable Sir Charles shortly," she remarked sapiently.

It came by the next post, saying that, regardless of what he had said before, he intended stopping at Frantingham for a few more days. "It is deadly dull, and I shall never forgive you, but I find the air agrees with me remarkably well."

Mrs. Trentham pinned the two letters together. "This is getting interesting," she said.

The next morning Sir Charles again met *her*. She was seated upon the shore, reading.

As he passed, a gust of wind caught the handkerchief lying upon her lap, and carried it towards the sea.

Thanking Providence for its kindly intervention, he rescued the little piece of cambric from the pool of water into which it had fallen.

"I am afraid it is very wet," he said apologetically.

The girl laughed. "It was careless of me to let it fall."

There was a warm sun beating down, despite the breeze. "Perhaps," he suggested, "if you stretch it upon the ground, it may dry." He laid it carefully upon the shingle, placing a stone on each corner to prevent it from being blown away.

"There," he said, when he had finished, and stood surveying his handiwork.

"It is very kind of you," she said, with all the gravity she could command; "but it will take rather a long time to dry."

"Time moves slowly here."

She arched her eyebrows. "You have found that out?"

"I have," he replied grimly.

"And I—father is a geologist, you know." She pointed to the old gentleman Sir Charles had spoken of on his arrival. "There are some very interesting fossils here. We have been here three weeks already, and I think we are staying another month."

"You do not care for fossils?"

"I do not."

"They are not very interesting," affirmed Sir Charles. For

[Continued overleaf.]

TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA TO — WINDOW - SMASH.



THE ELDERLY SUFFRAGETTE (*a believer in the window-breaking policy*): Look, dear—that's the sort of hammer.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

nearly an hour they chatted together. At last she rose, and glanced at a watch she wore on her wrist. "Five o'clock tea, and buttered scones. That is the only consolation here—our landlady makes beautiful buttered scones."

Sir Charles bent down and picked up her handkerchief. "It is still wet," he said. "I will take it home and have it dried; then I can give it to you this evening."

The girl raised her eyebrows. "This evening?"

"Perhaps to-morrow, then—"

She hesitated.

"Have you seen the sunset from the Hanger?"

"No."

"Then I will return it this evening. Shall we say here—at half-past seven?"

The girl thought for a moment.

"But I do not know your name," she said.

"Sir Charles Dixon—I can give you heaps of references, if you want them."

"No, no, it wasn't that," she said hurriedly; "but we haven't been introduced, have we?"

"I am afraid that will not be easy to manage here, unless we call in the assistance of my landlady, Mrs. Moriarty."

The girl laughed. "Then I am afraid we shall have to fall back upon the handkerchief," she said.

The Hanger is a cliff of moderate size, on the west of Frantingham. They were standing on the extreme edge; at their feet washed the waters of the Atlantic, then at high tide.

The scene was not conducive to conversation, and they watched it in silence, broken at last by the girl. "Isn't it glorious?" she said. "I had no idea Frantingham could boast such a sight."

"Nor I until I came up here by accident the other night to smoke a pipe."

As they turned homewards, he drew a handkerchief from his pocket. It was neatly pressed and ironed. "I have kept my promise."

She thanked him with a laugh and put it in her pocket. "You did not iron it yourself?"

"No, I got Mrs. Moriarty to do it for me. That good lady is now consumed with curiosity."

The girl laughed. "A feminine trait."

"I did not say so."

"You are Miss Fortescue, are you not?" he asked as they walked along the hedge-bordered road which led to the house where the girl was staying.

"How did you find out?"

"A little bird told me."

She thought for a moment, her brow puckered. Then, "A little bird—made of white cambric?"

"To be exact, yes."

At the garden gate they parted. "I shall see you again to-morrow morning," he said.

"Perhaps," she answered.

By the next morning's post, Mrs. Trentham received two letters, each bearing the postmark of Frantingham. The first she opened read—

"MY DEAR VIOLET,—It is a good thing Mrs. Grundy is not resident here; he spoke to me yesterday afternoon on the slight introduction of a handkerchief. He is not at all a bad boy—in fact, very amusing *pour passer le temps*. Excuse more. In haste to catch the post.—Yours, NINA."

The other read—

"MY DEAR MRS. TRENTHAM,—Yes, on second thoughts, I am coming round to your view; Frantingham is a very nice place in which to spend a holiday—by oneself. To-night I watched the sunset from the Hanger cliff. Cannot give a fuller account of my exploits, as the post is due out.—Yours, C. DIXON."

Mrs. Trentham smiled as she pinned the two letters together.

Next day, strolling upon the foreshore, Sir Charles met Nina, and they spent the morning together upon the Hanger. The day was hot and the air close. A warm mist hung upon the water, and breaking through it came the rays of the sun. Out at sea, a large schooner lay becalmed.

That was the first of many meetings, and the subsequent letters Mrs. Trentham received interested her greatly, while they amused her not a little.

They had known each other a week when Sir Charles was introduced to Mr. Fortescue. He was a simple-minded old gentleman whose mind seldom soared above geology.

He was examining a piece of rock when the introduction took place. "How do you do?" he said abstractedly, then continued his work. For a few minutes they stood watching him in a silence broken only by the tap-tap of his hammer.

Suddenly he turned to Sir Charles and pointed to the rock. "Isn't it a magnificent fossil, Sir, the Custeropoda—extremely hard to find in these islands. Have you ever seen a better specimen?"

"I have not," assented Sir Charles truthfully.

"Perhaps you do not take much interest in palæontology?"

"I used to do rather a lot of it at school," replied Sir Charles, devoutly hoping the old gentleman would not press any further questions.

"A delightful hobby—delightful. I shall see you at tea—" turning to his daughter. "Perhaps you would like to join us, Mr.—"

"I should be delighted," said Sir Charles.

The letters which followed this incident caused Mrs. Trentham no little diversion.

"At last my loneliness has been broken," wrote Sir Charles, "and some really nice people have come to stay here—a Mr. Fortescue and his daughter. He is an ardent geologist, and somewhat of a bore. The girl is very nice and unsophisticated, and it is such a relief to have someone to talk to. Do not be afraid, my dear Mrs. Trentham; I have not fled from London to fall here."

From Nina Fortescue there came by the same post—

"MY DEAR VIOLET,—My Frantingham young man (excuse slang) came round to tea this afternoon, and father read him a lecture, lasting an hour and a half by the clock, on the subject of fossils. By-the-bye, have I ever told you his name? Sir Charles Dixon—a real live baronet at Frantingham! He has come down to enjoy the simple life. Doesn't it sound romantic? You need not have the slightest fear, however—I shall return to town heart-whole; it is purely platonic on both sides.—Ever yours, NINA."

"The dear, simple children," said Mrs. Trentham, when she had finished.

Nevertheless, she straightway sat down and penned to each a long, friendly letter of advice, pointing out how careful they must be in the chance friendships they made. "A glorious sunset, the sound of the water, the romance of the evening scene, may, in the ecstacy of the moment, be the indirect cause of vows which will bring many hours of misery in the years to follow."

It was a fortnight later; in total disregard of her advice they were sitting upon the Hanger one evening.

"And in three days you leave," said Sir Charles, "and we shall drift out of one another's life."

"I hope not," said the girl in all sincerity.

He took her hand in his. "Nina, dear Nina, we must not—I want you never to leave me again. Do you, can you care for me enough to be my wife?"

It was an hour later.

"And fancy you knowing Mrs. Trentham," said the girl.

"She is a very old friend of mine," said Sir Charles; "I've known her for years. It was on her advice that I came here."

"Oh! She knew you were staying here?"

"Yes," responded Sir Charles. "I—I—" He paused. "You know what the London season is, and I asked her to advise me of some place where I could get away from it all."

"I wrote and told her I had met you, mentioned your name, and she didn't say she knew you."

"I did likewise."

"In fact, she advised me against the folly of chance friendships, and the danger of romantic evenings watching the sunset—which reminds me I have neglected her advice."

"And I," commented Sir Charles. Taking out a letter-case, he drew a letter from it and handed it to the girl.

"Why, it is exactly identical with the one she sent me, word for word."

"She meant us to meet all along," said Sir Charles; "this is a piece of feminine diplomacy."

The next day, when she came down to lunch, Mrs. Trentham found two telegrams awaiting her. One read—

"Have become engaged to my seaside boy—Sir Charles. Telegraph felicitations.—NINA."

The other—

"Fled from London to fall here. Am taking up palæontology (a good ha'porth) for a hobby. Coming up with my fiancée in a few days.—DIXON."

"I am so glad," said Mrs. Trentham; "and the dear, silly children never found out."

It was one afternoon, a week later; Mrs. Trentham sat in her drawing-room, overlooking Regent's Park.

She laid down a book she was reading as the servant entered and announced Sir Charles.

She rose to greet him. Advancing with outstretched hand, she stopped suddenly. By his side was Miss Nina Fortescue.

"Allow me to introduce my fiancée to you, Mrs. Trentham."

"Nina, my dear, how are you?" said Mrs. Trentham.

Sir Charles and Nina laughed and drew from behind their backs two letters.

"I'm afraid we haven't followed your advice," said the girl.

"You should never write letters in duplicate," said Sir Charles; "and I'm afraid you're a very deceitful woman, Mrs. Trentham. You had a definite purpose in your mind when you sent me down to Frantingham."

Mrs. Trentham laid a hand on his arm. "I confess I had. I could not bear to see you the prey of all the match-making mothers in town. Besides, I wanted to make a match for you myself. Am I forgiven?"

"My dear Mrs. Trentham, we have come this afternoon to tender our thanks in person," said Sir Charles.

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

Ideas of the Season.

original kind; and it certainly does appear that a greater amount of thought and ingenuity are being expended upon the game just now than ever before.

What will be the result in improving the play of the moderates and bads remains to be seen, and let us not forget that there is a strong, influential, and worthy party in the state who say that man should not seek aids to his skill in this way, but should overcome the tremendous difficulties of the game by knowledge and the careful training of eye and limb to fine accuracy. That is very well, but man is a very human being after all; and X is always trying new ideas and tools in order that he may play as well as Y, who is nominally a few strokes better than he is, and Y is doing the same thing to get on something like level terms with Z; and so the game goes on, and enterprise will never be ruled out of it. I have lately heard of two new balls that are shortly to be placed on the market, which are declared by those who know them to be longer flyers than any that have ever been made and sold hitherto. And this, too, at a time when such a discussion is going on about standardising the ball and reducing its capacity for travelling great distances! One fears that this movement, however well meant, stands

AMATEUR CHAMPION OF SWITZERLAND IN 1910: LORD LURGAN.

Lord Lurgan is the third Baron. In 1893 he married Lady Emily Julia (died 1909), daughter of the fifth Earl Cadogan.

Photograph by Fleet.

little chance of success, for the great mass of ordinary golfers will always be dead against it, and it would not be a good thing to have a short ball, as we might call it, for the championships and a long one for the game in general. A limited kind of standardisation, by which it would be ordained that all balls used in the game should float in water, would be acceptable to the majority, if only for the balls that would be saved from complete loss by it. It is not generally a subject for amusement on the part of the owner when a new ball is plopped into a dirty duck-pond and is never seen again, as commonly happens.

Oval Shafts and Grips.

But the most interesting

of the season's new ideas are associated with clubs, and particularly wooden clubs. I have had the opportunity of inspecting and experimenting with several of them. One of the foremost is an idea for an oval-shafted driver and brassey, with the flat side of the oval not quite square to the ball, the top edge being turned away from it, as it were. The idea in this case is that when the club is being swung edge forward it retains its full stiffness, while when the flat side faces the line of swinging it becomes whippy and springy, and the oval is so arranged that,

in conjunction with the natural turning of the wrists, the club is kept stiff until it is just coming on to the ball, when its full whip comes in, and so, it is claimed, some extra length is gained. The Angle Shaft is what they call this club; and whatever other merits it may have, it certainly does feel remarkably nice and confidence-giving when you handle it. You become predisposed towards it quickly. Then, Mr. J. T. Musgrave, who is one of the directors of a big firm of manufacturers of swords, and who has great ideas about the application of certain sword principles to golf-clubs, has been experimenting with oval grips to golf-drivers, or, rather, with grips that are almost triangular, to fit the natural formation made by the hands when they close, and at the same time he has had a place sunk in the top of the shaft to take the left thumb—all this, in his opinion, tending towards greater security and the minimising of many evils, particularly slicing. It struck me on trying a driver with this grip that the hollow place made for the left thumb greatly facilitated the use of the overlapping grip by those to whom this grip comes very far from being natural or comfortable, and such persons, who wish to persevere with this way of holding the club, might try it.

A New Sort of Brassey.

And there are many other novel ideas being exploited. I have just been handling a brassey which looks as if it might do something for the game of some people who find this the most difficult club of all to use to good effect. It has a projection of vulcanite from the bottom of the face, the object of which

would seem to be to make the club pick the ball up properly and well when the stroke has not been made quite accurately for doing so. I have seen this idea applied to iron clubs, but never before to wooden ones. With irons it was not at all a success, but it hardly appears to be so well suited to them as it does to wooden ones, and some amateurs and professionals of considerable eminence speak in high terms of it in its application to brassies, and especially of the long balls that they have got from half-topped shots when using it. A thing I have noticed very much lately is that wooden clubs in general, as they are being made in these days, have a much better feel about them than was not long since the case. They

are seldom so clumsy and stiff as they used to be, and I think that the influence of the Dreadnought drivers is largely responsible for this change for the better.

A RAJAH'S BROTHER WHOSE STATE HAS SEVERAL LINKS: DORIA RAJAH, A KEEN GOLFER.

Doria Rajah is an ardent golfer. He is a brother of the Rajah of Pudukkottai near Trichinopoly.—[Photograph by Fleet.]



PIGEON-SHOOTING AS AN ATTRACTION OF A GOLF COURSE: THE "TIR DE CHASSE" AT THE MONTE CARLO LINKS—LORD LANESBOROUGH FIRING.

Our correspondent writes: "A new attraction has been added to the golf-links at Monte Carlo by what is called a 'Tir de Chasse.' Pigeons, instead of being sent off from traps, are liberated by hand from behind bushes. This new sport is proving very popular on off days with the pigeon-shots."—[Photograph by Navello.]

FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

PANES AND PENALTIES.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

I PROPOSE to abduct Him—not myself, of course: why, my hands are full—but women with leisure and to whom Politics appeal, let them hold Him to ransom.

I used the denomination him because I don't know his name; I know shamefully little about him—neither his age nor his temperament nor his appearance. So you see that my advice as to his abduction is entirely disinterested. Perhaps he is a Bishop or the Lord Chamberlain or the Censor? I only know he is a man, that he could grant It—and won't. How curmudgeonly of him! No wonder we are breaking windows in Regent Street! I say *we* by *esprit de coup*, for I arrived there when everything was comfortably over. There were many policemen, and everybody looked amused, so that I knew something disastrous had happened. I bought a

bunch of violets, and asked fat Flora in the shawl why that festive look in the crowd. "Suffragists," she answered whimsily, and her beaded black bonnet jerked towards a broken pane in front of her, as does a goat faced by a fence. "Have seven for shilling, lady?" I did not believe the woman, because that particular pane happened to be a milliner's, and I disbelieved her still more when I saw that the next broken window was a jeweller's, and the next a florist's, then next again a lingère's. We Suffragettes are women for all that, and we know our best friends, such as our special purveyors and Mr. Lloyd George. I am convinced that no woman attacked where hats stood on stands, where diamonds winked at her from their beds of white velvet, where hyacinth grew out of blue ribbon, where veils and guipures spread their meshes—I don't believe it, no, not as long as there are windows in men's clubs and public-houses. Since then I have read reports in the papers confirming the husky saying of my violet-seller, but I still disbelieve it. I am convinced that at that very moment all my Suffragette friends were worthily engaged, some fitting frocks, some playing with nice young men, some supplementing their pin-money at the bridge



FORMERLY THE HON. SYLVIA BRETT, HER HIGHNESS THE RANEE MUDA OF SARAWAK WITH HER DAUGHTER.

The Hon. Sylvia Brett, younger daughter of Lord Esher, married H.H. the Rajah Muda (Charles Vyner Brooke) of Sarawak last year. Her residence is Stanton Harcourt, Oxford.—[Photograph by Russell.]

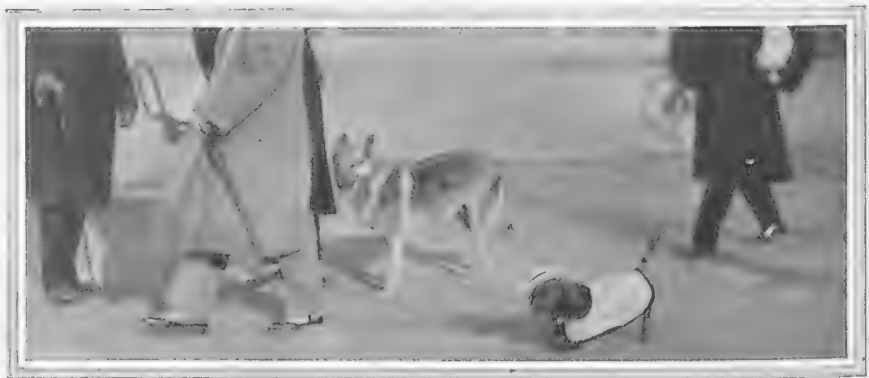
table, some being electrolysed, some at the hairdresser's, hesitating over the colour their hair is going to be; some even planning how best to make everybody uncomfortable, under pretext of spring-cleaning; others sitting at a registry office with suicide and murder battling in their housewifely bosoms—suicide and murder by all means, but not window-smashing. "Suffragists," indeed! It is very easily said! Give a woman a bad name!

It is out of my indignation at this libellous world that this Machiavellian machination was born. I need not quote "The Prince," because I don't remember it literally, but one of the most efficient advices in it runs somewhat like this: "First catch your enemy—and then cook him." So far ago so good, but what was good enough for a Prince of the Cinquecento is not good enough for us Suffragettes in this year of Leap and progress. Catch your enemy, and as soon as you can, but don't cook him: a man who could grant It and won't must be a tough customer. Don't cook him; rather cook for him. Make him a prisoner, but render his prison as formidably difficult to escape from as the Armida Palace. Let his chains be of enchantment, and his cigars

of the best. Let his prison be a home from—Westminster or wherever his other home is. Drug him with peace. Draw all the servants at the Palace from a deaf and dumb asylum. Snatch off the telephone. Shoot reporters at sight. Light burning fences around the Palace to keep photographers from prowling round. Do not fear that these precautions may attract public notice. I am only a stranger here, but I have heard Londoners speak of wild, uninhabited parts somewhere in England. What were they? Bayswater, I think, and West Kensington, and Dartmoor? No one would think of looking for your prisoner outside Clement's Inn. Don't be soft-hearted. Remember that you have been actually accused of smashing panes, that at this very moment some of you are musting away in a cell just when the new spring hats sport such cocky feathers, when the Park is beginning to hear the rustle of leaves and of taffeta skirts, when the birds on the branches and the preachy cranks on their upturned orange-boxes are awaking the echoes of Marble Arch. Ah, to be in prison when the spring is here! And there is no doubt that cell life has a pernicious influence over a woman. It demoralises her. After the first week she gives up polishing her nails. At the end of a fortnight the parting of her hair follows a zigzag course. The third week sees her tongue at rest. If her confinement is prolonged beyond that she begins to think. After that deterioration spreads itself all over her like couch-grass over a path. You can strike a spark by concentrating the sun's rays through a magnifying-lens, so you can create beauty in a woman by glorifying her. Love her and she will grow lovely. When there is no one to look at her woman ceases to be beautiful. So, clearly, if someone has to go to prison, let it be Him who has no beauty to lose and something to grant. I am sure that if he came into close contact with us, if he learned how reasonable we can be once we cease to reason, if he saw how badly we want It, and if he thought that England could not do without him but must soon elect another, he would then issue to his acolytes the order for his ransom. "Grant It to them," he would write. "All is lost, save Honour." And this is



NOT TROUSERED: A QUEER TIGHT-SKIRT EFFECT.
Photograph by Mondanités.



WITH STRAW HAT AT RAKISH ANGLE: A "NUT" OF A DOG.

Photograph by Mondanités.

how women will get It. But let us keep our secret in true feminine manner. It would be foolish to wet our ammunition with printing-ink.



A Test Indeed.

The weather-postponed six-days trial of a standard 15-h.p. Napier over a course which included many clamberings-up the terrible rises of Sutton Bank and Pateley Bridge was concluded at Brooklands on Feb. 27. The car's running weight was 1 ton 13 cwt. 2 qr. Rain fell on four days out of the six, the roads being heavy—"exceedingly so in parts," as the report has it. Pateley Bridge Hill was climbed fifteen times, and Sutton Bank twelve times, the total distance covered being 417 miles, at a petrol-consumption of 18.97 miles per gallon. The speed at Brooklands over the flying half-mile was 55.12-m.p.h. Greenhow Hill is, approximately, three miles long, and presents gradients in parts of 1 in 5.4. Sutton Bank, which saw the failure of so many cars in the Prince Henry Trophy competition, is about one mile in length and, in addition to many sharp bends and one very tricky hairpin corner, has one stretch of a 1 in 3.9 gradient. No involuntary stops occurred. The gear ratio on the top speed is 4 to 1.

Curious Phase of French Law.

Because an adverse decision with regard to the Knight patents on the sleeve-valve combustion engine has been given in the French courts it must not be supposed that this pronouncement is concerned in any way with the validity of the patent. The reasons assigned are non-exploitation in France and lack of novelty. In France the patent law is in many respects radically different from the English patent law, wherein the master patent of 1905 was declared by the Court at Tours to be invalid on the grounds of non-compliance with those requirements of French law which deal with compulsory working—a condition of things which does not in any way apply in his country. I am informed that a complete answer will be raised in the forthcoming appeal, which the patent experts are convinced will be fully successful. It is curious that the above decision is directly opposed to a previous decision in another Continental country.

Paraffin to the Rescue.

The steady rise in the price of petrol is becoming a very serious matter, and it is just a question whether it is really warranted by the conditions at present obtaining in the oil industry. At the moment of writing the private owner is asked to pay no less than 1s. 6d. per

who can devise a practical, inexpensive means of adapting our present carburettors to the use of paraffin.

Points of the New Adler.

Since indicating the recent arrival of the new 15-h.p. Adler at Messrs. Morgan and Co.'s Bond Street establishment, I have been afforded a view of this well-considered chassis, and find it in every way quite up to what was promised of it. While the chassis exhibits the well-known sterling Adler workmanship throughout, the new model has silent chain drive to the cam-shaft, and skew-gear drive to the cross-shaft actuating the magneto and water-circulating pump. Gear-noise in this respect is thereby entirely eliminated. The valve

stems and tappets are enclosed, but further steps have been taken to silence the valve-action. A roller-ended rocking arm is interposed between the cam and the base of the tappet-rod, while a special and interesting form is given to the valve-head. The conical portion of the valve-head is continued downwards in a cylindrical form, which closes the port slightly before, and keeps it closed slightly after, the cone is on its seating. In this way it is possible to vary the cam-contour to obtain a very gentle

closing of the valve on its seating. The other salient points of this exceedingly interesting chassis are the provision of two entirely independent systems of ignition and a twin-toothed oil-pump, one pump serving oil to the universal joint and back-axle.

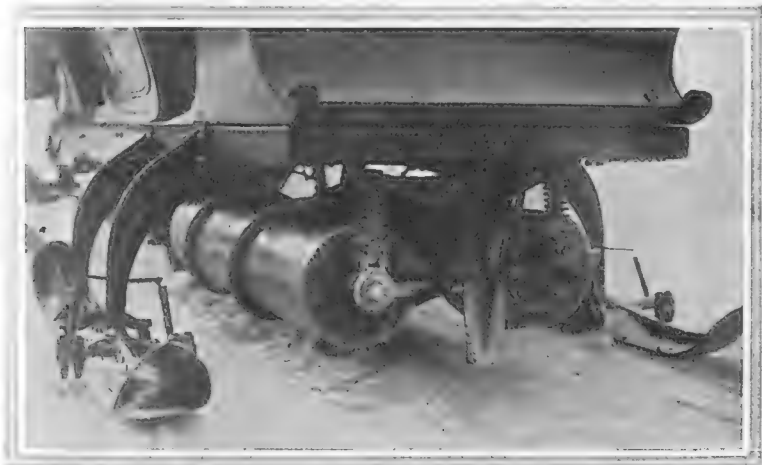
No Imitation ; No Aggression.

Hard upon the announcement that the Royal Automobile Club intended to put out road guides in the interest of their large membership came the accusation of imitation and aggression, which is quite without foundation. Without rushing into print, the General Committee of the R.A.C. put their views before a representative body of motor journalists some few days ago, and showed that, while the charges of "imitation and aggression" could in no wise be preferred against them, there was much to be said with regard to the Club's initiative in matters of paramount importance to motorists as a whole. A list of the dates upon which the Club instituted various departments is instructive: Warning signs first erected, 1900; Legal Department established (legal grant recorded



A PRUSSIAN PRINCE ABOUT TO FLY ON AN AEROPLANE DESIGNED BY HIMSELF: PRINCE FREDERICK SIGISMUND AT POTSDAM.

Prince Frederick Sigismund is the eldest son of Prince Frederick Leopold, son of the late Prince Frederick Charles, nephew of the German Emperor's grandfather, and was born in 1891. He is an officer in the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards.



THE "CORKSCREW" CYLINDERS BY WHICH THE NEWEST MOTOR-SLEIGH IS DRIVEN FORWARD: A BACK VIEW OF THE RÉMÉZY INVENTION.

Our correspondent writes: "I send you some photographs of the new motor-sleigh, of which M. Camille Blanc holds the patents. His secretary, M. Demanest, is now leaving for St. Petersburg, where the invention is to go through various trials before the Grand Dukes and others. You will notice that the principle of propulsion is that the motor rotates in inverse direction the two cylinders under the car, which are fitted with a serpent-like band which cuts into the snow or ice, thus driving the car at a rate up to forty miles an hour. Successful trials have recently been made at Chamonix. Seated in the car are, in the driver's seat, M. Rémy, the inventor, and M. Demanest."—[Photographs by Neurisse.]

gallon, and there are rumours that the price will go to 2s. before Easter. It is an ill thing that so important an industry should be at the mercy of a great combine, although by the absolute neglect of the paraffin carburetter some blame accrues to our leading designers. Assuredly there is a fortune awaiting the clever inventor



DRIVEN FORWARD BY "CORKSCREW" CYLINDERS: THE NEW MOTOR-SLEIGH INVENTED BY M. RÉMÉZY AND OWNED BY M. CAMILLE BLANC.

in 1899), 1901; Touring, 1902; Hotel and Repairs, 1902; Engineers' Department, 1902; Drivers' Register and Driving Certificates, 1902; Triptyques first issued, 1903; Speed Limit Inquiries attended from 1904; Agents at Foreign Ports, 1904; Insurance, 1904; Legal Defence, 1910.



CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

Three £1000 Races.

To-day and to-morrow a very ambitious programme is to be carried out at the National Hunt Meeting at Cheltenham, no fewer than three events of the value of £1000 each being in the list, in addition to two of £500 each. From a social point of view this annual fixture is a great success, and one will not readily forget the brilliant sight in Prestbury Park last year. It had been expected that His Majesty would be present this year, and arrangements were being made for his reception, but the visit was cancelled owing to the death of the Duke of Fife. The National Hunt Steeplechase arouses a lot of enthusiasm, and many horses are kept specially to compete in it. The qualification for the starters is that they must never have won any steeplechase, hurdle-race, or flat race, so that it may readily be imagined how difficult the race is from a backer's point of view. Some horses try many times to win this race, one such being Major Purvis's Our Philip, who was beaten by a neck last year and had run well on previous occasions. His name is to be found amongst the entries to-day, and it would be a very popular win were his owner to score at last. Many famous steeplechase riders have won this event, the most famous

probably being Mr. E. P. Wilson, who won it five times, four of the victories having been achieved in successive years. His Majesty's Master of the Horse, Lord Marcus Beresford, won it in 1876, when the race was run at Irvine. A horse trained by Coulthwaite, called Parakitoe, is expected to run well. In the National Hunt Handicap Steeplechase to-morrow we are promised a sight of the French Grand National candidate, Cher Tatoué. He is not considered up to the class of our best steeplechasers,

succeeded him. He has made an admirable Steward, and his speech at the Gimcrack Dinner last December was a sound and practical one. He devoted most of his attention to the racing of two-year-olds over the four furlongs, and had been at pains to collect some statistics on which he based his objection to that type of race. It is expected that at an early date the Jockey Club will tackle the question, and the circumstance that Lord Villiers will be senior steward may be taken as an indication that he will probably raise the question himself. Lord Villiers owns a good horse in Greenback, who when at the top of his form was not much inferior to Lemberg. It is said that Major Eustace Loder will be the new Steward. A better choice could not be made, for the Major is one of the most attractive personalities on the Turf, and has made a very considerable impression on the racing record. Known as the "Lucky Major," he will always be associated in the public mind with that public idol Pretty Polly, one of the greatest mares of all time. Good luck was never better exemplified than in his purchase at public auction of a horse that was destined to win the Derby, in connection with which race he was not seriously considered until his stable companion, which was favourite for the race, broke down and had to be scratched. I refer to Spearmint, who in that Derby, and when he won the Paris Grand Prix, proved himself a great horse.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Cheltenham I fancy Parakitoe or Our Philip for the National Hunt Steeplechase; Razorbill for the National Hunt Handicap Steeplechase; and Himan for the Jubilee Hurdle Race. Other selections, to-day: Juvenile Steeplechase, Savannah II; National Hunt Flat Race, Salmon

SAID TO HAVE WALKED ACROSS A STREET ON HIS HANDS TO WIN A POLO PONY; LORD TWEEDMOUTH.

American report has it—we know not whether truthfully or not—that Lord Tweedmouth won a fine polo pony from Mr. William Dupree recently by walking on his hands, in answer to a laughing challenge, from an hotel balcony to the middle of a street—some thirty steps; this in California. His Lordship, who is the third Baron of a creation dating from 1881, is a very keen polo-player and most popular. He has been a Lord-in-Waiting to the King for two years or so. In 1901, he married the Hon. Muriel Brodrick, eldest daughter of the ninth Viscount Middleton.

but his running will be watched with interest. Although he has top weight, Razorbill seems to have a great chance. Caesar, who was backed with some confidence to beat Meridian at Sandown, may be fancied for the 1000 sovs. hurdle Handicap to-morrow, but on the Esher-form Himan should beat him. My selections for these races will be found under "Monday Tips."

Stewards. When Lord Derby vacates his position as Steward of the Jockey Club, he being the senior, Lord Villiers will

ALMOST A VICTIM OF REVOLVER-SHOTS IN THE CITY: MR. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD.

Mr. de Rothschild came very near death the other day, when revolver-shots were fired through the window of the motor-car in which he was driving from his City office. He was born in November 1845, third son of Baron Lionel de Rothschild, M.P. In 1881 he married Miss Marie Perugia, daughter of Mr. A. Perugia, of Trieste. He has three sons.—[Photograph by C.N.]

when he won the Paris Grand Prix, proved himself a great horse.



THE BELVOIR AT DRY DODDINGTON: SIR GILBERT AND LADY GREENALL, WITH THEIR HOST, MR. G. HARRISON (BETWEEN THEM).

Sir Gilbert Greenall, the popular and sporting second Baronet of an 1876 creation, has been Master of the Belvoir since 1896. He married Miss Frances Eliza Griffith, daughter of Captain Edward Wynne Griffith, in 1900. He has two sons.

Photograph by Howard Barrett.

WITH THE BELVOIR: THE HON. WILLIAM REGINALD WYNDHAM.

Mr. Wyndham, who was born in 1876, is the eldest of the third Baron Leconfield's four brothers. He was educated at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and was a Captain in the 17th Lancers. His eldest brother, Lord Leconfield, is married to the daughter of Col. Richard Hamilton Rawson; another is married to a daughter of the eighth Viscount Cobham; another to a daughter of Mr. Fitzroy James Wilberforce Farquhar. His sisters are the Hon. Mrs. Frederick Maxse, wife of General Maxse; the Hon. Mrs. Vincent Yorke, wife of Mr. Vincent Wodehouse Yorke; and the Hon. Margaret Blanche Wyndham.

Photograph by Howard Barrett.

Fly; Prestbury Steeplechase, Long Water. To-morrow: Fox-hunters' Challenge Cup, Noble Roy; Gloucestershire Hurdle, Scotney. Kempton, Friday: Middlesex Steeplechase, Prefect; Thames Hurdle, Wildrake; Trial Steeplechase, Lord Rivers; Rendlesham Hurdle, Lady Madcap. Saturday: Spring Steeplechase, Kilkeel; Littleton Hurdle, Splash; Bushey Park Hurdle, Blind Hookey. Blackpool, Friday: Clifton Park Flat Race, Rathnally; March Steeplechase, Lysander. Saturday: National Trial Steeplechase, Jenkinstown; Open Hurdle, Lord Ninian.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Extinct Chaperon.

That the chaperon will soon be as extinct in this island as certain other rare fowl is a foregone conclusion, but the question remains whether we are altogether wise in reducing her numbers to such an extent that she is in immediate danger of complete extermination.

Girls in their first twenties—and even in their teens—run about with boys and young men at their own sweet will, treating them with a hale and hearty comradeship which certainly makes for the gaiety of life, but which, by eliminating sentiment, acts as a deterrent to marriage. And it is not only the young men of the year 1912 who are reluctant to bind themselves definitely, but their boisterous, healthy, humorous feminine contemporaries seem equally shy of “tying themselves up,” as they would phrase it. We have Americanised the relations of the sexes, but have ignored the fact that the character of the two races is fundamentally different. The American girl, unlike the English, is a born coquette, who loves to make her power felt; while the American youth, however hard he may be in business or affairs, is a sentimentalist in regard to a petticoat. It was the pleasing duty of the British chaperon, by carefully guarding her pretty charges, to fan the flame of passion, and by putting

prefer the somewhat noisy squalor of a fisherman's cottage to a decent lodging of their own, nor have we yet heard of a feminine counterpart of the “Roadmender”—a poet who prefers breaking stones to more reasonable occupations, and who is quite content with a corner in a tumble-down hovel. All women are Individualists to the backbone, and this, I fancy, is a fundamental instinct, connected with their deepest hopes and fears for their progeny, either actual or potential. The man thinks for the Race; the woman, for the Family.

The Naïveté of the Eighteenth Century.

In a delicious book about Pirates called “The Real Captain Cleveland,” there is a passage where a young man writes to his parents for a new wig, which epitomises the whole naïveté of the eighteenth century. For this youngster is in nowise ashamed of the fact that he requires artificial covering for his scalp, nor is he the least particular as to what shade the hair should be. His demand is simply for some “black or fair” hair, thereby showing a complete indifference as to its suitability for his complexion. We know, indeed, from Hogarth's inimitable “Marriage à la Mode,” how, in the intimacy of the domestic hearth, even a newly wed husband cast his wig, so to speak, to the winds, and sat unabashed with a shaven head, or carelessly draped with a foulard. It was only in the nineteenth century that all the hypocrisies and all the pretences held fearful sway. In this respect we are certainly, nowadays, nearer to the eighteenth century, with its careless naïveté, than to its successor.

The Terrors of the Clique.

Everybody knows that in what is called “the great world”—a world which is nowadays liberally leavened with upper Bohemia—there has arisen of late years the custom of girls forming themselves into cliques. These beautiful young creatures usually affect the same style of dress and coiffure, use the same phrases, and admire the same people, plays, and books. Where one is, there are to be found the others of the “gang,” for they have the

solidarity of Apaches, and they all admire each other to the point of ecstasy, however they may criticise the brave amorist who ventures to approach one of their group. In the current *Nineteenth Century*, the Hon. Mrs. Wilson points out, in an amusing and enlightening article, the danger a mother runs when she allows her girl to drift into such a clique. For the swain who loses his heart to one of the group, “has an uncomfortable feeling that he has to run the gauntlet and be freely pilloried and criticised by all.” A man might satisfy one girl; but how bring the rest of the coterie into line? Prudent mothers—if they have any authority left—must sternly discourage the clique.



IN COULEUR DE ROSE:
A DAINY FROCK.

This is a frock of rose-coloured répe-de-Chine, of which the tunic is outlined with an insertion of guipure, the same lace forming straps over the shoulders and down the front of the bodice. A large black velvet hat is worn with it.



A RETURN TO THE MODES OF THE
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: A GOWN IN
BLACK AND WHITE.

This gown is made of black mousseline-de-soie and white satin. The treatment of the black mousseline shows a distinct tendency to the revival of an old fashion. Slightly gathered at the waist, it is held in down either side of the dress with bands of white satin, in this way forming light-looking paniers.



A SUGGESTION FOR BRIDESMAIDS:
A DRESS OF DELFT-BLUE
MOUSSELINE.

The above is a bridesmaid's dress made of Delft-blue mousseline, over a foundation of white satin. The deep flounce on the skirt is of silk fillet lace, worked over with silver thread.

The Rarity of Women Socialists.

It is a notable fact that women Socialists are extremely rare, and that the granting of the franchise under such a reasonable scheme as the Conciliation Bill would be distinctly a setback for Collectivism and Syndicalism. Your feminine Socialist is either a middle-class Intellectual or Faddist, a great lady won over to the cause of the submerged, or a professional platform speaker. The great mass of women, both those who work with their hands and those who work with their heads, are not Socialistically inclined. No Ruskin ever weaned them from their own class to do hewing and delving and drawing of water, as Young Oxford was in the last century, and as such pioneers as Mr. Stephen Reynolds and “Michael Fairless” are doing at this hour. As a matter of fact, educated women don't take light-heartedly to mean and manual tasks; they are only now emerging from the stage when they were expected to be the bearers of the burden, to do all the messy, tiresome, ever-reiterated services in the house, for which they were never paid, and seldom thanked. Thus it is that women writers do not, like Mr. Reynolds,

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on March 26.

DEMOS, AND OTHER THINGS.

MARKETS have again been entirely under the influence of the Coal crisis, and the fluctuations of prices in Home securities have merely reflected the varying hopes of a settlement. Throughout the week, however, there has been a very marked undercurrent of cheerfulness. Perhaps the South Manchester result has something to do with it.

Up to the time of writing very little seems to have been done towards a settlement, but a peace of some sort will probably be patched up before very long, and prices in the Home Rail Market are sure to take a jump. Although the funds of practically all the trade unions will be seriously depleted if the strike lasts much longer, it must not be forgotten that the Cotton trouble was settled only by a truce, and that there still exists a good deal of discontent among the railwaymen. If, as seems likely, the miners' demands are given way to, or only a temporary compromise arranged, the outlook for the future will still be very far from promising.

Among Foreign Rails, Mexican issues have been weak, on the political news from that country, and the cablegram with regard to the position of the Columbian Navigation Company has caused a heavy fall in Cartagena First Mortgage Debentures. Americans have been irregular and, as has been the case for some time past, business in this market is practically confined to professionals.

South African Mines have benefited from the improved labour returns from the Rand and show many more advances than falls. Nigerian Tins have again been the most active market in the House, although prices have not gone ahead so fast as last week, and profit-taking has been in evidence on several days.

Rubbers have developed considerable strength during the last few days, and as the genuineness of the position of the raw article comes to be more generally recognised the movement should continue.

ARGENTINE RAILWAYS.

Very high hopes were held at one time that the Argentine crops were going to be phenomenally good this season, but bad weather intervened and neither the linseed nor the wheat came up to expectations, although the latter is estimated to be some 4,650,000 tons, which is an increase of nearly 17 per cent. over the previous season.

Then, as in most parts of the globe, labour troubles have had to be faced, but, happily, these now seem to be at an end, although the traffic returns published last week indicate that considerable disorganisation of traffics still exists on some of the lines. Buenos Ayres Great Southern showed a gain of £10,264, but the Pacific showed a loss of £7449, the Western a loss of £4244, and the Central Argentine a loss of £9720.

However, the wet weather, which adversely affected the other crops, exactly suited the maize, and as the risk of damage by locusts is now practically over, there seems little doubt this crop will be a record one. Estimates at present are not very reliable, but the general idea is that the total will be somewhere between six or seven million tons.

The harvests have been late this year, and the strike has held the grain back in the interior, but it has all got to come along in the end, and so bumper traffics for the next month or two would seem assured. With the exception of the Argentine North-Eastern and the Argentine Transandine, traffics on all the roads show a decline since July 1, and in the case of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific, this amounts to £103,625, but we think better times are coming, and a purchase of the Ordinary stocks of this Company at present should prove remunerative.

ANOTHER SHIPPING DEBENTURE.

Three weeks ago we drew attention to the "A" Debentures of the Elder, Dempster Company, and this week we propose to give some particulars of the 5 per cent. First Mortgage Debentures of the Indo-China Steam Navigation Company, which are quoted at 94, and appear to be undervalued at that figure.

There are £278,500 outstanding, and they are redeemable at a premium of 2½ per cent. by annual drawings, calculated to pay them off entirely by 1927. In the case of a voluntary liquidation or redemption at an earlier date, they can only be paid off at 105. Behind this issue are £248,000 of Cumulative Preferred Ordinary shares, and the same amount of Deferred Ordinary.

The Debentures are secured by a first charge on all the Company's steamers, which are valued at twice the amount of the issue now outstanding after allowance for depreciation. This latter point has been attended to liberally every year, and the present valuation of steamers can be considered conservative.

The Company has had some ups and downs during its career, but in 1910 the income exceeded fixed charges by £100,000, and

during 1911 these figures are believed to have been considerably exceeded.

With regard to the future the outlook is distinctly promising. The present high level of freights seems likely to continue for some time to come, and as long as that is the case all the shipping companies will earn fine profits.

RUBBER OUTLOOK.

The apathy of the public towards the Rubber share market, in spite of the extraordinary buoyancy of the commodity itself, is one of those phenomena which are to be noted from time to time on the Stock Exchange, and afford his best opportunity to the speculative investor. It is a fact that rubber can now be sold freely all over 1913 at 4s. 6d. a lb., while the price this year is much more likely to go over 6s. than to fall below 5s. a lb. On this basis dozens of shares can be bought to return from 10 to 15 per cent. per annum for the next two years, with every prospect of being as good investments at the end of that time as they are to-day. One Company whose shares have been recommended here, the *Batu Caves Rubber Company*, has now sold the whole crop for this year forward at about 5s. a lb. Putting the cost per lb. at the high figure of 2s., this will admit of a dividend of about 175 per cent. for 1912; if the 1913 crop were sold forward, as it could be, for 4s. 6d. a lb., the dividend for that year would be at least 200 per cent. In other words, on these shares, now standing at £12½, a return of at least £3 10s. per share may be expected in the next two years. Possibly those Companies which never sell any part of their crop forward, such as *Highlands and Lowlands*, *Bukit Rajah*, *Ceylon Tea Plantations*, etc., may do even better, for a further advance in the price of the commodity is highly probable. The fact seems to be that the public has realised to the full the rapid increase which must take place in the supplies of plantation rubber during the next five years, but has never yet grasped the possibility, as Mr. Lampard and a few others have done, that the demand may increase as rapidly as the supply. Q.

Saturday, March 9, 1912.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

C.A.M.—Your letter was answered on the 7th instant.

R.S.—The list is poor reading. Our inclination would be rather to average Nos. 1 and 2 than buy the Office Rivers after the rise. The Rubber Company is not a favourite of ours.

J. R.—The Company is a British Columbian concern, and not an English Company, so that very little information is available. We know, favourably, the names of some on the London Board. We would rather not advise.

HANDLE.—You have been made a victim of what you might have known was a swindle. Send the correspondence to the City Police, and look on the money as lost.

TRIPLEH.—Our advice would be to buy "Shells" in preference to anything else in this market.

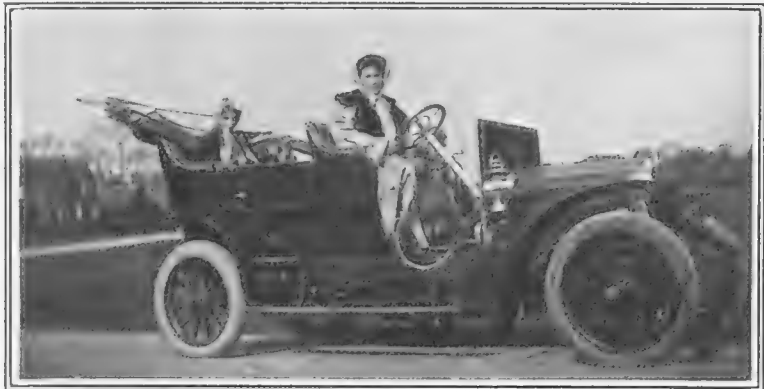
THE SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND.—At the Ninety-Eighth Annual General Court of the members of the Scottish Widows' Fund, held recently at the Society's offices in St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh, Sir Henry Cook, W.S., in moving the adoption of the report, announced with gratification that Lord Rosebery had accepted the office of President in succession to Lord Tweeddale. He went on to say that they had had another very successful year. Just over 4000 new life assurances had been effected with their society in 1911, for a net amount of over £2,400,000—a record for any year. In the three years 1909 to 1911 they had issued 10,891 policies for a total of £6,859,000 as against 7555 policies for £4,144,000 in the three years 1902 to 1904—a very satisfactory increase, and one showing that the Society, although nearing its hundredth year, showed no signs of decrepitude. During 1911, claims had been paid to the amount of £1,281,000. Last year's income amounted to £2,260,000, and the outgo to £1,625,000. Touching on the Insurance Bill, the chairman said he did not think it would affect their business. The report was seconded by Lord Kinross, and adopted.

THE GENERAL MOTOR CAB COMPANY.—On the 4th inst., by order of the Court, a meeting was held at Salisbury House of the shareholders in the General Motor-Cab Company, Ltd., in order to consider a scheme of arrangement. The chairman, Mr. Dalziel, summing up the Company's financial position, said that there was an issued share liability of £822,946, and a debt, including outstanding Debentures, of £536,972. The assets amounted roughly to £1,300,000. The desirability of fresh capital was obvious. Briefly, it was proposed to form a new Company to take over all the assets, and to provide and pay at once all the liabilities. The capital of the new Company was to be £516,500, divided into 125,000 Cumulative Preference Shares of £4 each, 220,000 Non-Cumulative Preference Shares of 1s. each, and 110,000 Ordinary Shares of 1s. each. Holders of the existing Preferred Ordinary Shares were to receive in exchange for each share a Non-Cumulative Share in the new Company, with other rights. The Chairman mentioned that in December 1910 the Company had passed into French hands. The resolution, seconded by Mr. V. Legoupil, was carried by an overwhelming majority, and was afterwards unanimously approved by the Deferred Shareholders.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

The Forceful Art of Making Enemies.

It was a nice question last week—Which were the most abused, the coal-miners or the Suffragettes? The latter were undoubtedly the most despised, for they fill no necessary niche in the scheme of things, and were destructive for destruction's sake. They have made for themselves masses of enemies, and of people who hitherto have taken no sides or have inclined towards granting the moderate part of their demands. Shop-windows have always been supposed to be beloved of women. They are regarded as a wonderful free entertainment in the West End. Train-loads and tram-loads and motor-'bus-loads of women journey from the country round London and from the suburbs just to look at the shops, and go home well satisfied with their expedition. Shopkeepers are by no means enthusiasts for the Government; it is inconceivable what these irresponsible breakers of the law mean. If they pine for notoriety,



A CHIEF OF WHAT MR. BODKIN CALLED A LAWLESS ARMY: MRS. PETHICK LAWRENCE DRIVING HER CAR IN SURREY.

Mrs. Pethick Lawrence was known before her marriage, which took place in 1901, as Miss Emmeline Pethick, and is a daughter of the late Mr. Henry Pethick, of Weston-super-Mare. Mr. Frederick William Pethick Lawrence, born in December 1871, was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, was fourth Wrangler in 1894, and gained other distinctions at the University, where, also, he was President of the Union, in 1896. After a tour round the world, he lived in the Mansfield House University Settlement, Canning Town. In 1901 he obtained a controlling interest in the "Echo," and for three years edited it. He is joint-editor of "Votes for Women." His recreations are golf and lawn-tennis.

why not emulate the methods of the St. Petersburg Suicide Club, and arrange to die all together? In the words of the late Sir W. S. Gilbert, "They'd none of them be missed!"

Change and Cure. Times of harassment and anxiety, of stress and worry, have brought their Nemesis, and people are seeking change and nerve cures. Karlsbad is attracting many visitors, now that mild and spring-like weather has succeeded the almost Arctic cold of January and the beginning of February. Winter sports are over in the neighbourhood. The ice, which was two feet thick in the river, has been dynamited, and gone down through the town. This was done as soon as the thaw showed signs of permanency. There was an increase last season of 2500 visitors, making a total of 71,000, which only includes cure-guests, whose average stay was twenty-seven days. Lord Westbury's new hotel, which has been in progress of building for the last two years, is now approaching completion, and will, it is believed, be opened on May 1. The cost of it will exceed seven million kronen, not counting the funicular railway by which it will be reached. Lord Westbury's private suite of rooms, on the fifth floor, is remarkable for the fine view which it commands towards the golf-links. Mr. Schipper, of the Sport Club, Monaco, has been retained as manager.

Women's Clubs. Of the making and un-making and putting together again of these there is no end. I have been a member of many of them—quite a dozen at different times. They were good, bad, and indifferent; but over every one hung the one similar and insuperable drawback—the food was expensive because it was so uneatable. At last, driven to belonging to a cock-and-hen club, as it is called when it caters for both sexes,

I did find well-cooked, appetising food at reasonable cost. Alas and alack-a-day! no sooner had I begun to congratulate myself than the women objected to the men members, or men to the women, and now it is again likely to be a woman's club. I don't care a bit what the membership is as long as the food is nice. For that end men are better than women, who care only that tea shall be daintily served even if they have to drink it Indian when they like it Chinese, and vice-versa. Clubs offer many conveniences to ladies not living in the West End, now that distances are so great in our vast city, and women become more clubbable every year. Residential clubs are capital for country members who do not care for hotels; there is nothing against them except the food, and it is a paradox that those who are most particular about their own domestic cuisine, and have everything to do with it, fail to have it right in their clubs.



CHARGED AT BOW STREET WITH CONSPIRACY AND REMANDED: MRS. PETHICK LAWRENCE, A LEADER OF THE SUFFRAGETTE MOVEMENT, AT HER COUNTRY HOUSE, THE MASCOT, HOLMWOOD.

Black Diamonds. Now that we are, as I write, in the thick of a coal strike, we begin to put even a fictitious value on black diamonds. I hear that no one has been more concerned than the Queen, and that her Majesty said, if there was distress in London through people being thrown out of work next week, it would be injudicious to hold the Courts, because of the temptation to men desperate from being deprived of employment, from no fault of their own, to attack ladies sitting in cars and carriages with all their jewels on. Whether or not this thought was voiced by the Queen, there is a great deal in it. I am told also that hostesses have decided, should this disastrous strike continue, to cancel all their dances. These things will fall heavily on London tradespeople, who have had a poor time lately. However, ere these words are in print, happier times may be inaugurated.

The First Court. Dark colours and black and white prevailed at the opening State reception of the season. This was not of necessity, but in compliment to the King and Queen, who are, of course, in family mourning. Her Majesty and the ladies of her suite were all in black, relieved only in the Queen's case by the blue ribbon of the Garter, and in the Duchess of Devonshire's by fine diamonds. The Queen was fairly ablaze with these gems. The Marchioness of Crewe, presented on her husband's advance in the Peerage, was also all in black with fine diamonds.



GAMES AT "THE MASCOT": PROMINENT SUFFRAGETTES PLAYING BOWLS AT MR. AND MRS. PETHICK LAWRENCE'S COUNTRY HOUSE.

Included in the photograph are Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, Miss Kenney, and Mrs. Tuke.

Special attention is drawn, in the Gramophone Company's March list of new "His Master's Voice" Records, to Record No. 09255, "The Conundrum." It gives three songs and one band piece, but no one can tell which it will select, so that great sport can be had in trying to "pick the winner" and guess what will come next. Another feature of the list is two duets by Caruso and Pasquale Amato from Verdi's "La Forza del Destino." The humorous turns include Harry Lauder's "A Wee Deoch and Doris," Nelson Jackson's "In 1950," Miss Margaret Cooper's "Dreamland," Alfred Lester's "The Scene-Shifter's Lament," and Miss Jean Aylwin's "Mary Marmalade." A separate list

contains George Graves' song, "Does This Shop Stock Shot Socks with Spots?" several records from "The Eternal Waltz," and "Gems from the Pantomimes." The Mayfair Orchestra gives "La Mousmé" Dance, Gottlieb's Orchestra the "Reviens Waltz," and the Cold-streams' Band two sets of selections from "The Quaker Girl." There are also several ballads and instrumental solos in the list.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"A Woman of Impulse."By JOSEPH PRAGUE.
(Eveleigh Nash.)

Mr. Prague's novel takes itself so unassumingly, eschewing fine phrase and noble situation, that it may run the danger of misapprehension in an age which may be pictured by the London streets, where to be heard at all it is necessary to speak loudly. His story is of two men and a woman. One of the men, who, since his wife's desertion, has run to seed, stands to a shade for that morality of sentiment which is sometimes sneered at as middle-class and sometimes extolled as the essential essence of England. His wife took the personal view that it was impossible to live with him, and expressed herself so, unmistakably, before the advent of the lover. So Mr. Cater was left to decline from a prosperous villa to a flat in a dirty slum, where he maintained a hopeless attempt at cleanliness, and apprenticed his daughter, Rose, to the dressmaking. Among other feeble efforts after livelihood he applied to a literary agency, and was made a sinister offer. Rose is no orthodox heroine; she is too painfully and complexly alive for any such convention. If she is to be suggested at all by any one phrase, one might say—a puritanical Madame Bovary. Her father, with a horror in him of her mother's treachery, which went deeper than his personal injury, looked, trembling, for a glimpse of her mother's romanticism. Needless to say that whatever he saw was nothing which bore any relation to the true state of Rose's mind. Always a Catholic, she had her revival period, which expired with the wise Jesuit who had lit its fires. In the slack reaction she came across Lawrence Gabriel. Their meeting on the pavement kerb, as she waited in a queue for the opening of the gallery at Covent Garden, and its tropical growth into love are probably among the daily adventures of London streets. But how seldom is the tale told with so fine a reflective light upon a mind and temperament. Indeed then "she seemed only just to have realised that she had a temperament. She kept taking it out to look." Gabriel was at the pendulum's swing from Mr. Cater. He was consciously, fastidiously finished in mind and body. "He was an intensely masculine man—not in the sense implying muscular—in a primitive sense. He was not very popular with other men." But as compensation he had a fatal attraction for women. Being an artist in life, he had had some narrow escapes. Once he had not escaped, and the exception was—Rose's mother, to whom he was married. Not till the love-making was near dying a violent death did Rose even guess him married, but her assimilative nature had reproduced

a grotesquely clever image of his mind long before that. His dislike of Puritanism enabled him to discern very clearly the futility of all morals as local and artificial, his dislike of sentimentality confirmed him as a merciless analyst of men's cherished ideals. Between the two—her lover and her father, Rose was as mixed as the spectator who follows the Brothers' argument in "Comus." That Gabriel proves to be not only her mother's seducer, but her father's employer in the illicit literary bargain, scarcely matters, except that the discovery gives occasion to a quite remarkable study of old Mr. Cater. His attitude is a very fine piece of work on the part of the author. "A Woman of Impulse" has that quiet harmony of beauty which looks easy only because it is so capable, and quiet because it is so truly adjusted.

"Hieronymus Rides."By ANNA COLEMAN LADD.
(Macmillan.)

Miss Ladd's romance is of fifteenth-century Europe. Her hero, a king's bastard, born in Germany, rides on various steeds and many adventures, from the little jennet which took him as a lad to the Florentine monastery to the monstrous paper affair which he buffooned with as his sovereign's Fool. Between those two performances, there were crusades in the East, Moorish wars in Spain, and many personal encounters of unexampled courage and thrilling danger. For a man professedly anti-feminine he did very well with three love affairs, and as for war, "in assault after assault, when the flames from burning cauldrons fell among his engines . . . he came forth unscathed . . . He cared nothing for life, and he passed where nothing lived; he cared less for gold, and his hands were filled with it." He died at thirty-six, as Hedda Gabler would say, "very beautifully." Hierome is not unlike Cyrano, more primitive and perhaps less lovable, but better-looking. Miss Ladd has succeeded in suggesting the rich vitality, the real brutal life of the Middle Ages, and adorning it with the beautiful costumes which the National Gallery makes familiar by exquisite pictures.

In the preface to the 1912 edition of "The Clergy List" (Kelly's Directories, Ltd.), it is mentioned that every year proofs of entries are sent out for correction to twenty or thirty thousand clergymen. Hence the remarkable accuracy of this very useful work of reference. The personal list occupies the first 1193 pages of the book. The rest includes an alphabetical list of benefices, particulars of cathedral establishments, and much other information of ecclesiastical interest. This hardy annual has now attained the age of three-score years and ten, but is still as vigorous as ever.

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A perfect-fitting model in
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THE Early Spring Styles in Tailor-made Gowns are ready—and we extend a very cordial invitation to every lady to inspect the Advance Models now being shown in our spacious Salons. We picture one of many elegant new designs—

The "Elysée" (front and back view).

WE are copying this charming Tailor-made in the new whipcord material. The decorations, exact to sketch, are beautifully hand-worked with coarse silk to tone, and completed with real pearl buttons of correct shading. It can also be had in all the newest shades of French cloth, and Navy, Black, and Cream Serge. Coat lined Satin. **Price £7 17 6**

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HIRING A "BRINSMEAD"

Many people are anxious to hire a piano—for a night, a week, or maybe a longer period—providing the instrument so obtained is in perfect condition, and is a warranty of the finest craftsmanship.

Such intending "hirers" should give attention to the Hire System of Messrs. John Brinsmead & Sons—a firm whose pianos are recognised throughout the world as embodying all that is excellent and durable in the science of pianoforte construction, and who for many years have hired out their instruments for purposes innumerable.

Write to Messrs. Brinsmead direct stating for what purpose and period a piano is required and you may rely on prompt attention to the enquiry, and full satisfaction in the fulfilment of your wishes.

Pay a visit to the showrooms; see, and judge for yourself the excellence of the firm's productions, or send to Dept. 4 for the new 1912 Catalogue containing full particulars of the latest Brinsmead models.

The name and address of the local agent will be supplied on application.

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THE pity of the tired face! You have all seen it. Some have held sad converse with its reflection in the glass, when all buoyancy and sparkle have gone out of it, and all its erstwhile charm, except just the merest trace of beauty that *was*. What is there to be done about it? The face looks weary because the skin is weary. If you supply the skin with a substance that will penetrate its deeper layers and carry stimulation into the tissues, it will soon gain in animation and vigour. This you can accomplish only by—Valaze, Dr. Lykuski's preparation for the beautifying of the complexion. Madame Helena Rubinstein, the Viennese Complexion Specialiste, has sole control of this invaluable Face Cream, the price of which is 4/6, 8/6, and 21/- a jar.

By the use of Valaze the faded cheek gains in succulence and colour; the flaccid tissues grow robust and firm; the lines gradually moderate; a muddy, drab, impure, freckled, tanned skin becomes lustrous, beautiful. The face looks tired no longer.

Madame Helena Rubinstein recommends also the following exclusive preparations: Novena Sunproof Crème, which prevents—as Valaze removes—freckles, tan, sunburn, and roughness of skin, 3/- and 6/- a jar. Valaze Herbal Powder (for greasy skin) or Novena Poudré (for dry and normal skin), 3/-, 5/6, and 10/6 a box,

and Poudré No. 3, a special medicated variety for those parts of the face which are "shiny," 5/- a pot. Valaze Snow Lotion (a Viennese Liquid Powder), 4/-, 7/-, and 10/6 a bottle. Valaze Lip Lustre, for dull, blanched lips (biting and wetting will not displace the colouring it imparts), 2/- and 3/6. Dr. Lykuski's Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Cure banishes these disfigurements and refines the skin's texture, 3/6 a jar. No. 2 strength, for more obstinate cases, 6/-.

New methods have been introduced for the treatment of pronounced and deep-seated wrinkles, of puffiness under the eyes, of enlarged or distended pores, greasiness and coarseness of the skin, of blackheads, lines about the eyes, redness of face and nose, and "vein-marks," or "broken veins," also loss of facial contour and looseness of skin about

the neck, which the French so aptly call "*cou de dindon*."

Madame Rubinstein is prepared to advise any woman personally and free of charge on matters concerning the care of the complexion. Then why not write to or call on her while your attention is fixed on the subject?

All orders, applications for appointments, advice or free booklet, "Beauty in the Making," should be addressed to Madame Rubinstein personally at her Maison de Beauté Valaze, 24, Grafton Street, Mayfair, London, W.

Paris Address: 255, Rue St. Honoré.

For the dinner party
be sure to order a supply of Savoury Biscuits.

They will give pleasure to every guest and make a delightful finish to an enjoyable repast. They are not only crisp, piquant and appetising, but are an excellent digestive.

Order from your Grocer thus: "Shilling Tin, Peek Frean's Savoury Biscuits."

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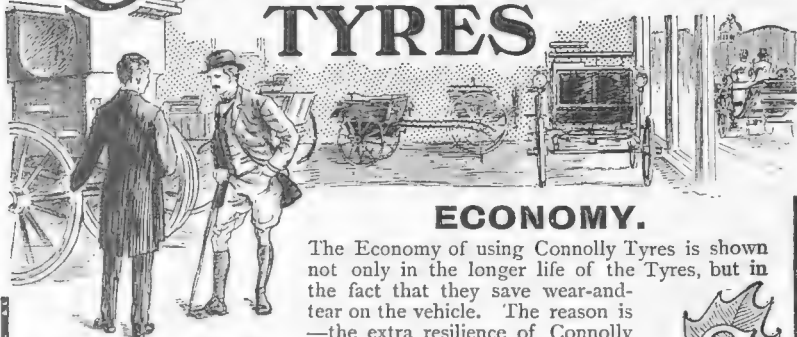
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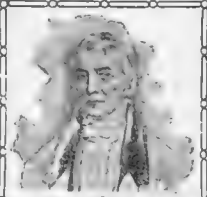
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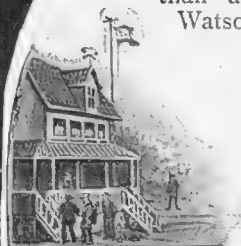
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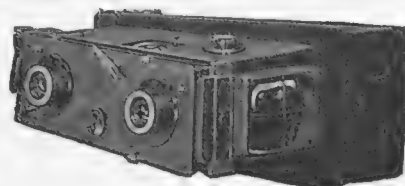
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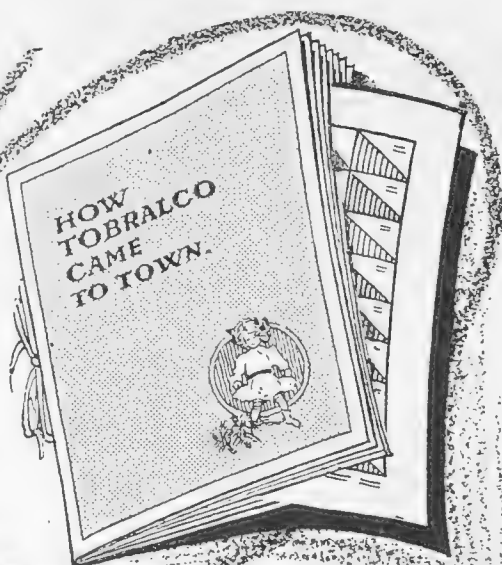
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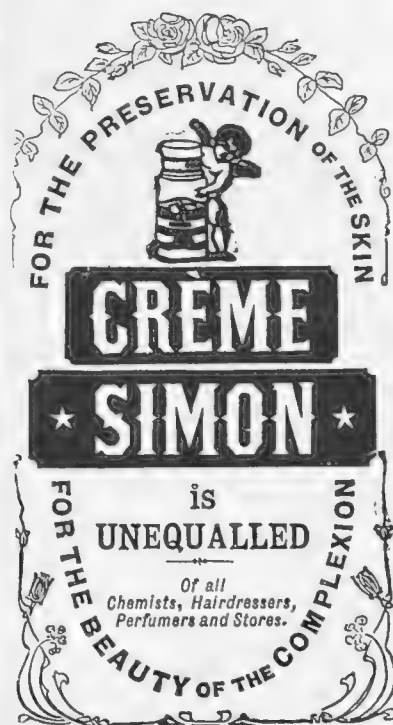
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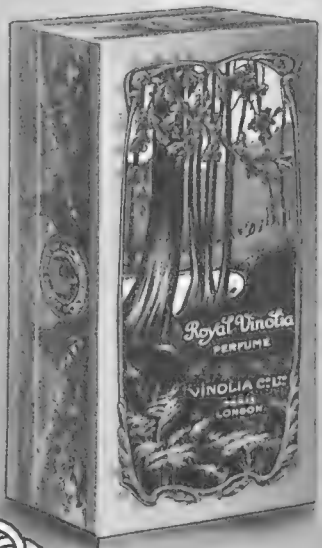
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How it Fits.

DUELLING WITH WAX BULLETS: ITS RISKS AND SENSATIONS.

(It is announced that United States cavalymen are to act as targets to each other in revolver practice, using wax bullets.)

"THERE seems to be a popular impression," said Mr. Walter Winans, the world-famous shot, to a representative of the *Sketch* a while ago, "that duelling with bullets made of wax is child's play and is as devoid of danger as if the men were really children and were aiming soft woollen balls at each other. There seems to be an impression, too, that these wax bullets were introduced to give people the sensation of duelling without any chance of being hurt. As a matter of fact, this is very far from being the case, for with wax bullets you need to exercise a certain amount of care, as you may easily wound your adversary or be wounded by him. For this reason the mask and other protective apparatus used fulfil a distinct need and are not introduced to give an adventitious idea of danger to an otherwise harmless and exhilarating pastime.

"In proof of what I say I may tell you that M. Gustave Voulquin, the well-known Parisian sporting journalist, and I, who were the first to shoot at each other with these wax bullets, actually succeeded in damaging one another. His bullet hit me in the right side, and although it did not penetrate the flesh, it nevertheless made a distinct bruise. He was even more unlucky than I, for my bullet hit him between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand and cut the piece of flesh right away, so that to-day he suffers a certain amount of pain when he writes. This is, moreover, no isolated instance. At the Stadium, when we were 'duelling' with these bullets, one of those fired by my adversary went up my sleeve, grazed the skin, and actually went a little way into the flesh higher up. Another bullet hit me on the thigh. I had a catalogue of the exhibition in my trouser pocket, and the bullet made a hole in the cover and through two or three pages of the catalogue, but, curious as it may seem, did not make a hole in the garment itself. The material was pressed into the hole made by the bullet. When shooting and being shot at I wear a leather throat-guard. One day a bullet hit it and went three-quarters through. Had I not had that throat-guard on, the bullet might have caused a serious wound, and it is by no means impossible that if a spectator were to be hit in the eye with one of those supposedly harmless bullets his sight might be destroyed and he might even be killed, while the same result might happen if he were struck in the neighbourhood of one of the large blood-vessels in the neck.

"So far, indeed, from these bullets being harmless, I will undertake, with the present charge, to kill a pigeon at three or four yards, and the charge is only the fulminate in the cap. If I were allowed half a salt-spoonful of powder in the cartridge I would undertake to kill a pigeon at twenty yards.

"The emotions with which one opposes oneself to the aim of a comrade in a purely friendly bout of duelling will, no doubt, depend on the individual, and be different from what they would be if the duel were hostile in character. I have never fought a duel of the latter kind, but I am confident that I know well enough what I should feel like if I had to take my stand opposite an enemy armed with a real duelling-pistol under the real conditions of a duel. I should feel nothing at all. I do not believe a man does have any emotions of fear—at all events provided he has a weapon in his hand like his adversary. I can quite understand, however, that if one were sitting still, unarmed, it would not be nice to be shot at; but the desire to give as good as one gets is always uppermost in one's mind. Personally, I should never fight a duel unless I wanted to kill my opponent.

"With wax bullets the conditions are quite different. Perhaps, however, I ought to say that these bullets look exactly like the real bullets in size and colour, so that if a real one got in among them, there would be no means of discovering it, and the consequences might be very serious. The first impression when I began to use these bullets was that the sights of the pistols employed were bad, and they had a nasty heavy trigger-pull. It never occurred to me that my opponent was shooting back at me as I was shooting at him. That would be the last thought to enter my head, for I have never had any fear where loaded weapons are concerned. I have often, for instance, run across the line of fire when I have been deer-stalking, in the hope of making a good shot, and, at the Horse Show, when driving fast round the turns, I am used to taking my life in my hands at every turn, for if one were to go down there, one would certainly be trampled to death. If I get a hard rap from one of the wax bullets when practising, my one desire has been to rap my opponent hard in return. It is exactly the same sort of feeling which one has in boxing. I know, too, it is the feeling which comes in real fighting, for I have just met a man who was shot through the eye during the Boer War, and he loaded his rifle and fired at the enemy to hit him before he fell fainting to the ground.

"Shooting with wax bullets, one makes much worse practice than when shooting with leaden bullets in proper duelling-pistols. I have often missed at twenty yards when using wax bullets, which, through being much lighter, are much slower than the real ones."



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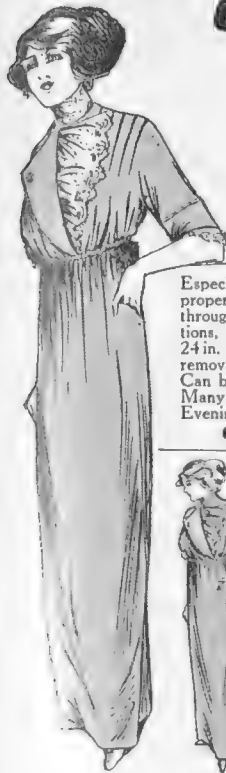
The Original and Genuine WORCESTERSHIRE.

£1000 INSURANCE. See page b.

CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Captain Roald Amundsen; St. Sebastian as Diana; the Chelsea Arts Club Ball; the Writers of "Kipps" and "Milestones"; Hunting as She is in France; Whippet Racing; The Dancer; the Wonderful New Panier Dress; "Dear Old Charlie," at the Prince of Wales's; Reynard the Fox, in his Unpursued Moments; "The Sunshine Girl," at the Gaiety; "The Bear-Leaders," at the Comedy.

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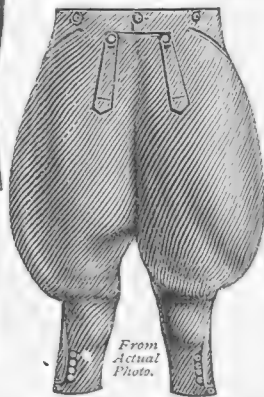
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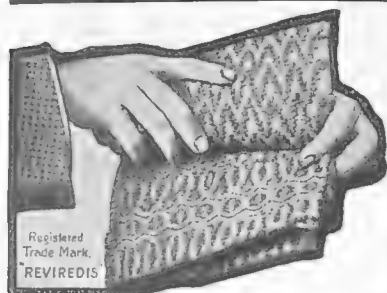
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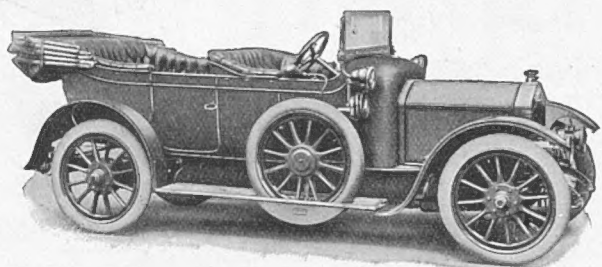
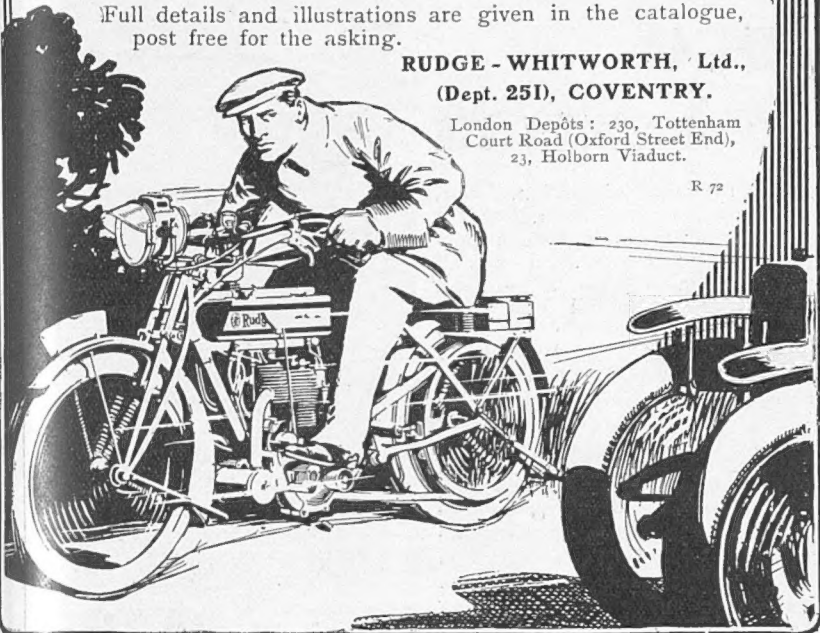
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The Sketch, 13/3/12.

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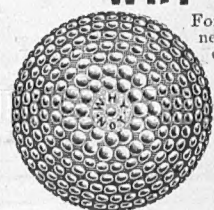
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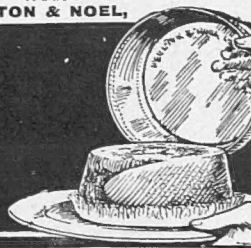
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